

HARRISBURG
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PA.



Mr. and Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley

505 East Curtin Street

Bellefonte

Pennsylvania

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H. M. Quigley, Jr.
2516 N. 4th St.
Harrisburg, Pa.



Phi Kappa Sigma

Thursday, Nov. 19, 1953

Dear Parents,

Thank you very much for the two interesting and welcomed letters. I have been so busy lately, but I just thought I would take time out to write you a letter. I am very pleased with my whole set-up and am glad that I do have a single room. I'm afraid that I wouldn't get much done if I had a roommate, and I must get everything done on time. Mrs. Tothero is up and around again but hasn't gone back to school yet. She says she'll go tomorrow if she feels all right in the morning. She also said that she was sorry that you two hadn't come upstairs on Sunday when you brought me down. Thank you again, by the way, for bringing me down. I just called one of my fellow student-teachers about a ride home next week. He says that he will be glad to take me, and it will probably only be to State College. I'll call you when I get to State College and if anyone is there who wants to come and get me OK and if not OK. I think Bob Bauchspies is going to stay up at school over the vacation again. May I invite him down for dinner or more? Will talk to you about it on the phone when I arrive at State College. (I am really releasing my tensions on this typewriter - I don't think I have ever typed so fast!)

Student-teaching, or any teaching for that matter!! I didn't ever guess that it could be as tiring as it is. Of course, I imagine a lot of it is due to everything being new and different. Most of the time so far I have done nothing but observe. During most of this observing, however, I have been running around the room helping pupils with their problems while they worked. Much satisfaction! I don't think I have written as much in all my college days as I have here what with all the reports we have to write up for Dr. Patrick. As he said - we'll get more supervision during these eight weeks than we will in the next eight years.

Yesterday I was shaken up a bit, that is I had a surprise. The math teacher from across the hall came over and asked me if I would take one of his classes while he went somewhere out of the building. He had a test all ready for them, and all I had to do was administer the test, which wasn't much of a job but I enjoyed having the class all to myself and under my very sole control.

This experience was nothing, however, compared with the one I had today. During assembly this morning (and we have a worthless assembly every morning!!!) one of the other math teachers took me out of assembly to ask me if I would take all of his afternoon classes! I said I would be glad to, since I am very anxious to be by myself with my own classes and not have someone watching me all the time. Two of the three classes that I took really had to be taught. In one section I had to teach division of fractions which they never had had before. They grasped it quite readily. I don't know whether they are just smart or whether I am an excellent teacher!? The other class I taught the averaging of positive and negative numbers. Both classes I enjoyed very much. The third class was a home room study period, and the home room was made up of the least intelligent and rowdiest of the eighth graders. But to my surprise and satisfaction I controlled them very well after moving one boy's seat and threatening them that I would hold them after school. They certainly can think of infinite ways to try to trick you!

In general, I really am enjoying myself in my work at the school and am even more certain of wanting to teach. Ma mentioned that I would be strutting with dignity while quivery inside. Well, I do walk with dignity but I also feel dignified and confident inside too, which is a grand feeling! It practically makes me weep to think how shy and backward I used to be and that I now can look anyone in the eye squarely, tell them what I want them to do or not to do and never waver! I think by the end of this experience of teaching, I shall have lost the last traces of my self-consciousness and bashfulness. My fraternity experience was my first big step toward this goal and this experience should be the last step. (I bet Daddy will have fits when he reads all this philosophical glop) (In fact, I bet Daddy doesn't read it!).

A last word of sentiment, but really true and from the heart: The older I get (and I feel very old after this day!) the more I realize what a wonderful, happy, and fortunate life I have had and the wonderful family that I have. I realize that I am very lucky to be in the position of life that I in, and thank God for it often, but not often enough! (Why is it that I can say things like these in writing but not directly with verbal words?)

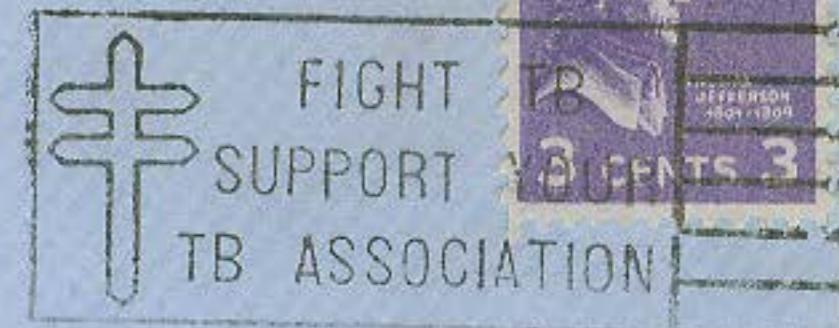
Well, I have pooped out and will probably go to bed very soon. Charley McCarthy is on the radio now; when did he change?

Good-nite,

Much love,

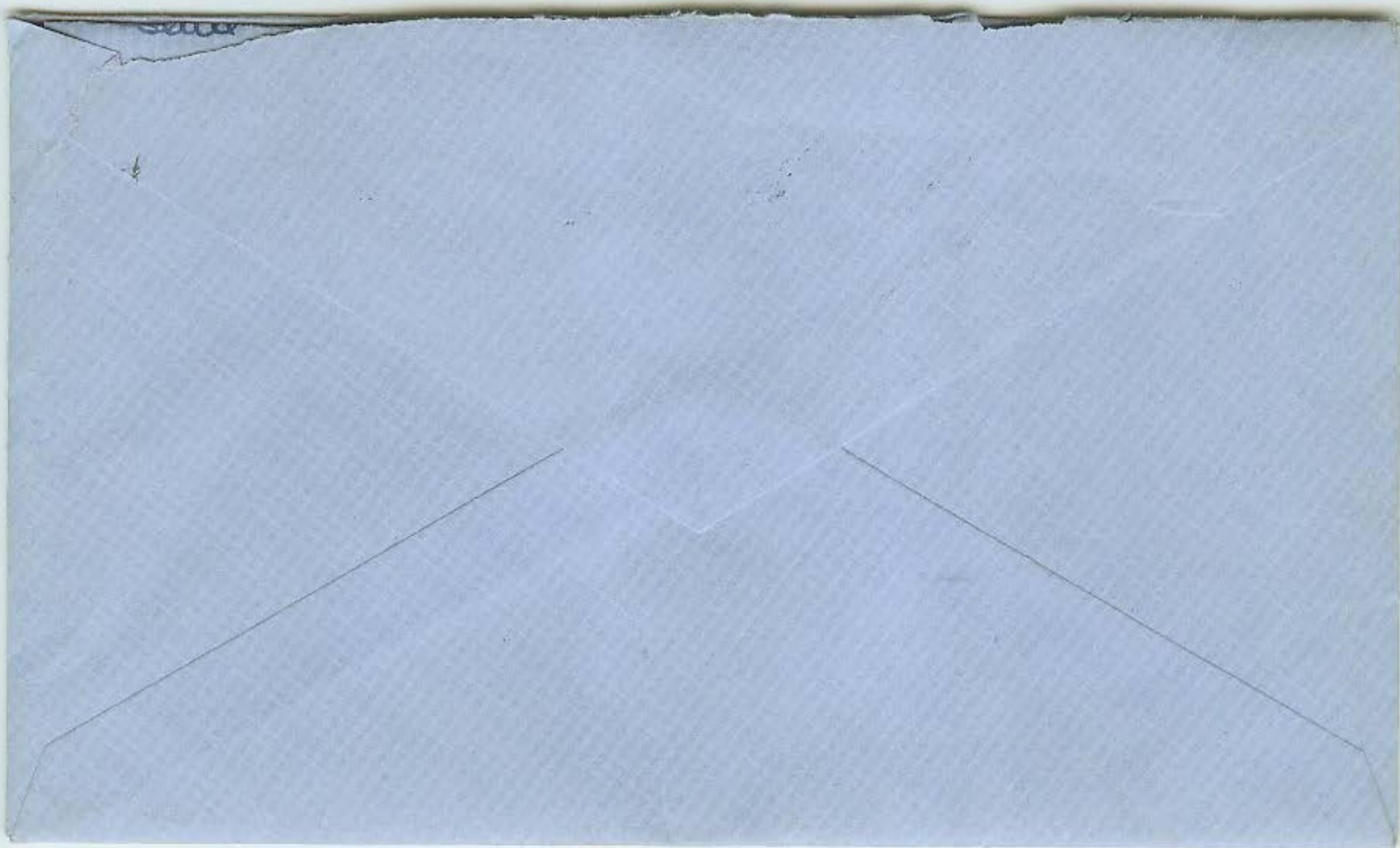
Mike

533 Forest Blvd
Dayton 9, Ohio



Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley
505 E. Curtin street
Bellefonte, Pennsylvania

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LE
RE

November 30

Dear Aunt Nona,

To clear up your mystery - those clothes are mine. I had intended to wear them in East Orange for cleaning Daddy's apartment and for other dusty work. As it was, I had to wear high heels, stockings, and a girdle the entire time - most uncomfortable for me! If you want to hold them until Nell can return them, that's all right; or mail them C.O.D., whichever is more convenient.

I still find it difficult to write or think about Daddy. Having been away from home for so many years, I still think of him as I used to - and then realize he isn't there. Closing up the apartment made things quite final, and it

was indeed difficult. I'm trying to forget it as quickly as possible, but I don't suppose I ever will - all Daddy's belongings - presents we'd given him, his clothes and jewelry and letters. It was awful, having to throw things away or sell them. We kept anything that was significant, of course, but so many things that he'd used we disposed of. One of the worst parts was seeing the letters and pictures and clippings that he had so carefully kept, either in his bureau or wallet or strongbox - they showed what and who were closest to him and were too personal for anyone to see, even me. Not secrets - but mementos of events and people that had meant the most to him. If he kept them to himself when alive, why should we see them just because he's dead. They were too revealing. I would have preferred to have locked

the door and to have left everything as it was.

I had felt so much closer to Daddy since Mummy left and since he had stopped making her unhappy and she had stopped making him unhappy. We had many good letters and telephone calls and visits; and I felt that he at last was to have a chance at a happy and peaceful life, with his very satisfying work and his golf and his own good friends - but he didn't have time. Sixteen months is a very short time. To me that is the tragedy of his death. And with Bill far away, there is no one here who feels as I do and it's hard to cry alone.

Fortunately I have a lot to keep me busy, and I have Don who is the most wonderful husband in the world and Kathy and Mike who - well,

you know what your children mean to you.

That argument in Bellefonte does not prey on my mind. As I said then, the thing that upset me most was that there should be such an ugly scene when, after all, we were there because Daddy had died. I can understand your point of view, too - not only about "The Slap" but about other things - but as I told Aunt Heinie, I will not let myself be distroyed to my mother to the extent of admitting her* faults - I know them, of course, but I deliberately close my eyes to them. I must; for, after all, she is my mother.

We had a very happy Thanksgiving with your daughter and Joe - it's wonderful to have them so close. She is quite excited about going home for Christmas. If they can carry it, they'll probably take the music box - I refuse to mail such a delicate item.

I must get busy and make

LE
RE

plans for Christmas so that every minute is full. That was Daddy's favorite holiday. Last year was the first time I hadn't been home - he had a happy day, I know. He called Bill and me Christmas Eve, because he said he couldn't have done it on Christmas Day. He sent us wonderful presents, and I could tell by these that he'd chosen so carefully for Kathy that he was very proud of her. That is some comfort - he saw both my children - he thought Kathy was very sweet and intelligent and was pleased that Mike looked like a Reynolds. It's just as well that we weren't home last year; otherwise, this Christmas would be awful. He

got so much pleasure from hanging the ornaments he'd used when he was young and placing the animals that he'd had for so many years. I kept all of them for me and Bill, and I will put them up for Daddy. Everything is worse when I talk about it but I suppose it is a good thing. This is the first letter I've written, besides the ~~now~~ notes for the flowers, and it is very hard. I know that you and Uncle Hugh were as saddened by his death as Bill and I, so you can understand.

I took a break for coke and crackers and now feel better. I should be eating carrots and celery, I suppose - I'm down almost a complete dress size, having lost so much weight this past month, and am almost at my pre-marriage weight! Don lost quite a few pounds while I was gone, although he had regular meals - but

he said his cooking wasn't as good as mine. Kathy and Mike thrived under his care - Kathy knew many new words and phrases, and Mike's 2 teeth came in completely. But neither had changed as much as Kathy did last summer, when I was in S.O. for a week. When I got home that time, she was twice as big and twice as active as I had left her! On Thanksgiving Day, Joe took some pictures of us for Christmas cards, so perhaps you'll see some good likenesses on your card.

We will be building a house next summer; with the money that Daddy left (insurance), we can get $\frac{1}{3}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ of it done, and borrow the rest. We couldn't get a loan to build, just to buy. I have not been able to revive my enthusiasm about it, but in a month or two perhaps I will. I know Daddy would be

very much pleased for us to use the
money that way. We haven't found
a lot, yet, because we want one
that slopes, for a split-level house.
When I think of the difference in the
cost of land here and in Bellefonte, it
makes me want to move there! I'd
love to live in Yellow Springs, but
it is too far to Don's job - Y.S. is
on the wrong side of Dayton. Also, I
think it would be a mistake to
settle there just because Nell and Joe
are there, and that would be our
only reason. I would love it, though.
As she and I agree, we are friends,
not just cousins! But we surely
are different.

I hear Kathy and Mike are
both awake - it's a good thing I'm
through writing. Thank you for listening
to all I had to say - even this is
only a small portion of what I feel.
Love to you both from us all,
Weedie

Mrs J Shaffer
23580 Lake Shore Blvd
Cleveland 23, Ohio



Mrs Hugh M Gugley
8 Cedar St
Beechtree
Penna

K

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Dear Max -

The other note is for
the reading club - This
is for you - I know that
you were the instigator of
all the reunion & that you
did most of the planning
& work - I just want you
to know it was one of the
nicest times of my life -
and I come home with a
great deal of happiness
in my heart - for so
many reasons - "for having

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such wonderful friends -
"for such a beautiful time
of year to see the country -
side" "for spending such a
happy evening with you &
your family" - (I couldn't
go to sleep for laughing
because I couldn't get past
the number 48 -) I surprised
myself because I had no
inhibitions about acting out
the charades - but most of
all I'm so grateful that I
have such an uncomplicated
life - ^{for} I guess it is being with
Cot Sieg - that makes me so
grateful - she makes her

2

life so complicated - &
I love cat - just wish
I could help her - She
meant leave Billy & his
wife alone - & she won't
- I just know it - not all
the men's stories & organs
etc - can take the place
of my "piece of mind" &
I'm grateful for that -

I thought I could mind
it fairly well to be with you
& Quig - without having
it feel like cold lines
with Pete - but I
didn't - I enjoyed myself
much more - & I was so

wonderful to see Henrië
too - & of course I love
Mike - but most of all
you Nara - the highest of
my ambitions is to reach
your calmness, sincerity &
capacity for understanding -
I hope you get all the
things you want most out
of your very wonderful
life - and I'm sure you
will because you have
it coming to you -

Talk to you again Nara for
a wonderful week end - &
come out to visit me soon -

Love
JZ

BELLEFONTE
AUG 25
2 PM
1953
PA.



Mrs Hugh M Drigley
P. Furkin St
Bellefonte, Pa K

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Mrs. William W. Sieg

Dear Rosa,

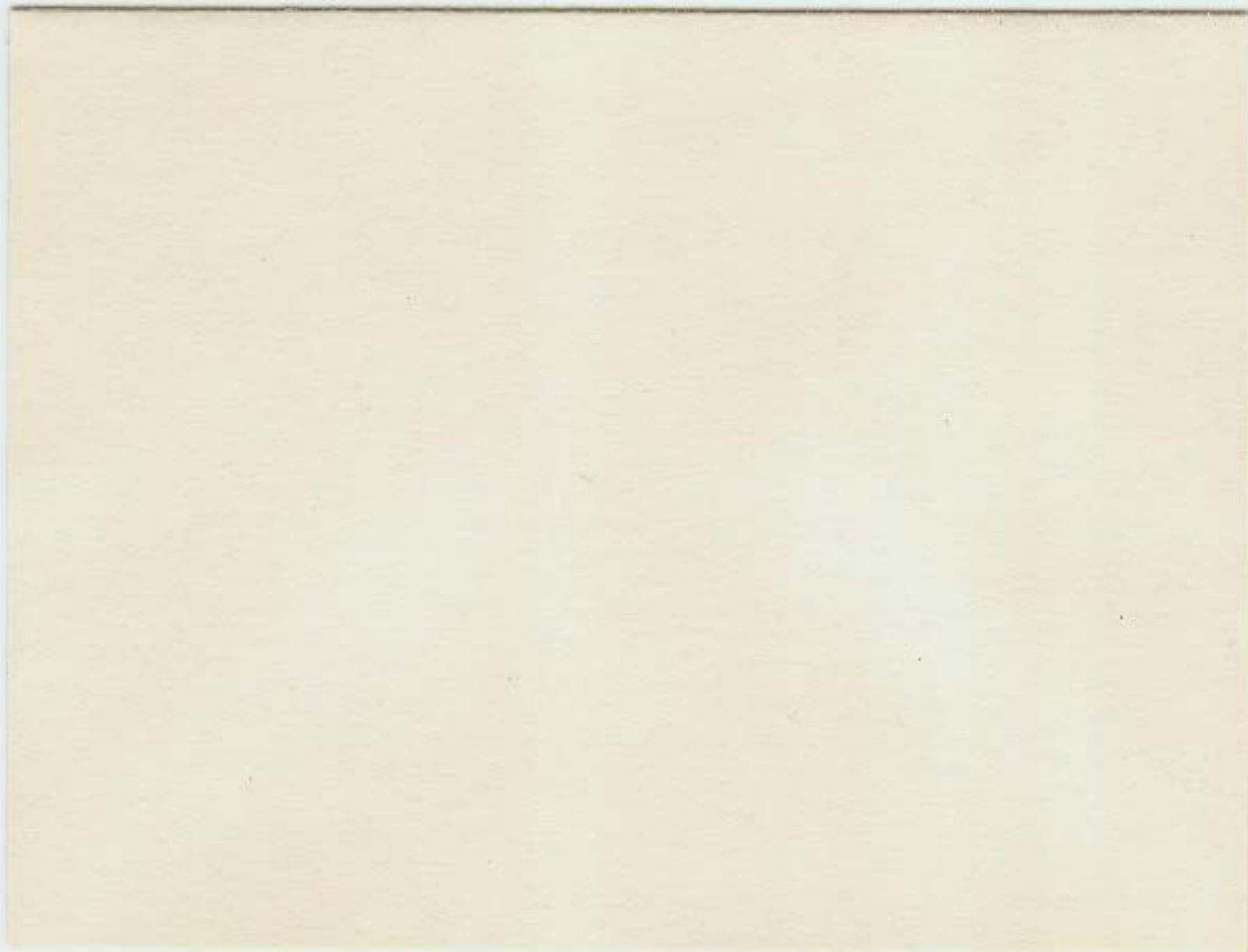
Bill wrote Ouij but I
want to thank you both for the
memorial to Hunt Frame. The
entire family thanks you.

and I want to thank you for
hanging him Tuesday, not just
this week but always. The
picture is beautiful and
the frame lovely. Rosa says that
is from you. You have surely
done a lot for Hunt Rosa and
for me.

I'm not too good at saying
thanks but I do mean it. And
hanging you so near means more
than you're ever kind.

With love,

Katherine



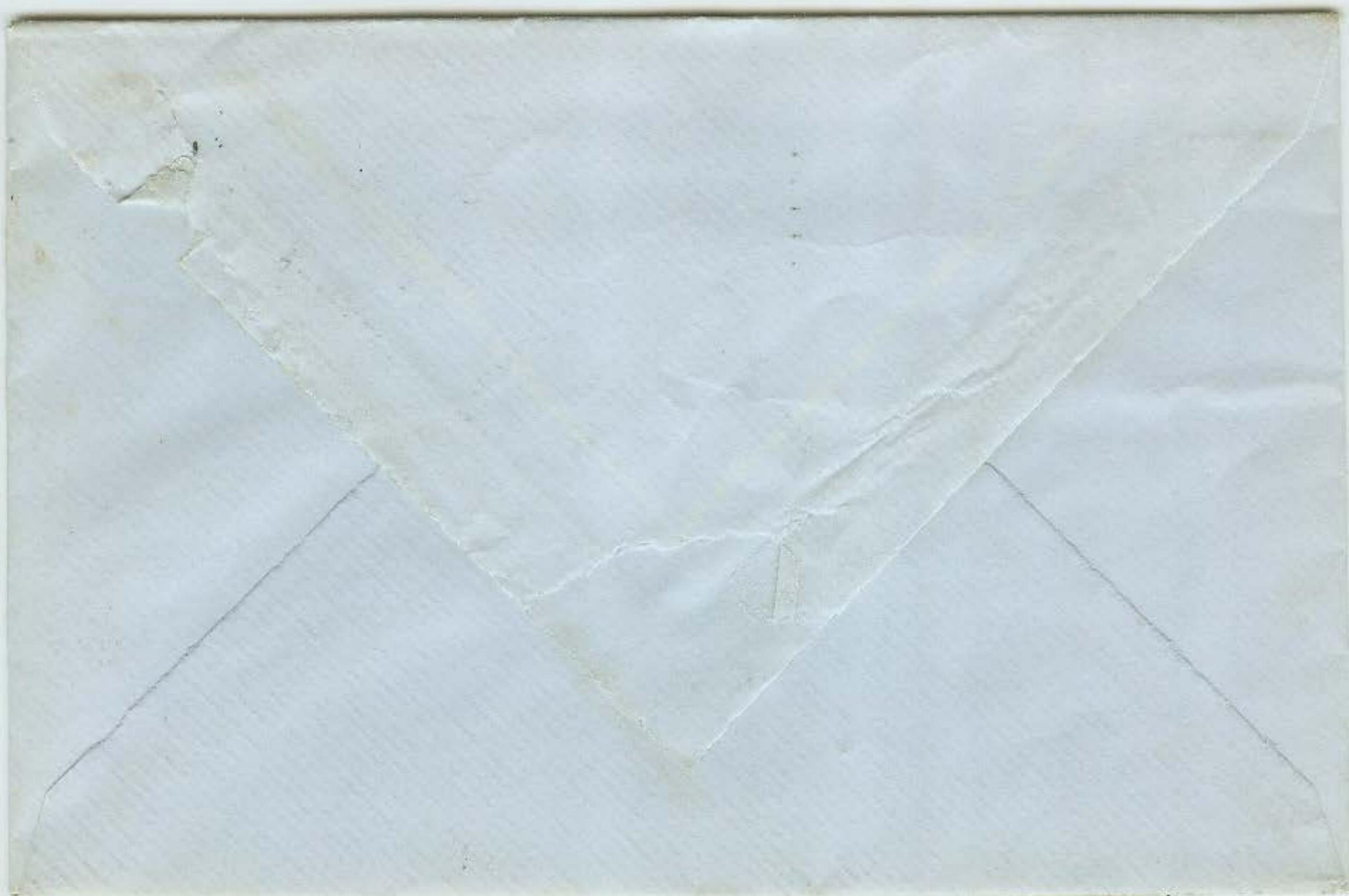
ALLENTOWN
JUL 4
1953
7:30 PM
PA.

HIRE THE HANDICAPPED
IT'S GOOD BUSINESS



Mrs. Hugh M. Tugley
East Curtis St.
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania

Aus. K
July 6





July 4th 1953

Dear Nora,

Happy Birthday and very
much love for your 53rd Birthday
on Tuesday. I shouldn't mention
the years - but I still think of
you as a very young and
attractive person. I could ram
on about how wonderful a person
I think you are, but I fear I
would sound too sentimental &
maudlin. But you must know
how very fond of you I am.

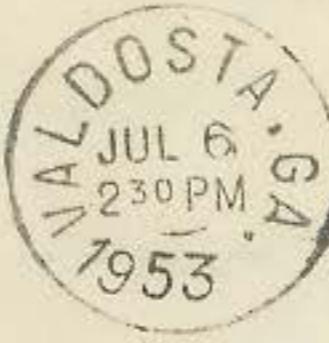
I had a shock when I read
of Mike going off to the Army
because, to me, he seems still
like a very dear little boy.
But tempus has a way of

"Fugitives" (oh shades of my Latin Teacher!)

We are leaving Friday for two weeks at the Hermitage Club in Canada. I really am not too keen about it, because our place is so lovely now — flowers profuse and so pretty and cool. Then after a few days at home, I'll take off for Syracuse to be with Jane & the baby when they come home from the hospital. The baby is due the 26th.

Keep me posted about the Reading Club's Anniversary in Sept. because I shall certainly want to be present. Maybe the time will coincide with Winifred's Wedding. Isn't that astounding!

Dearest Lovy & Best Wishes,
Gen



Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley
505 E. Certin St.
Bellefonte
Penna.

K

Cadet N. M. Druey, Jr.
AFROTC Summer Camp
Moody AFB
Valdosta, Ga.

July 4th

Dear Mumme,

Did you get my letter?
It probably arrived after you
mailed yours.

I had the chance to go
to Jacksonville, Fla., this week-
end, but I decided to stay
here and rest. I figured
this was no weekend to
travel. I went to bed at
9 last night and woke up
this morning at 8:30. Good
sleep!

Both my roommates are
from Penn State; one from
near Scranton (he drove down with
Jerry and the rest of us. There were
five of us.) the other one is from
near Reading and a typical
Pa. Dutchman!

The weather here has
been hot as usual but we
have fairly frequent thunder

storms, usually in the evening.²
The day starts out clear and gradually piles up cumulus clouds. When it rains it really pours, but it doesn't last very long.

I hope the Shrub Dub ~~pod~~ came off all right, and I hope my tree is growing but doubt it.

Thursday morning I had the experience of my life! I went 15,000 ft. into the air in a jet plane. Very exciting. There were a few cumulus clouds in the sky, but we got above those in a matter of seconds. They turned out to be very low and looked like they were right on the ground when we were up there! We were traveling about 480 miles

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an hour, but when we were up 15,000 ft. (actually almost 17,000) it felt as though we weren't moving at all; just sitting up there looking down on Valdosta, the base, and flat Georgia. The pilot let me fly the plane for about 5 minutes. Very odd feeling. The stick (control stick) is very delicate and with very little pressure I could turn the plane on one side then the other and turn the nose up or down. When we were going straight I couldn't feel a thing, but when we turned fast or something, I could feel it very definitely! At one time the pilot climbed up and opened the throttle up to almost 2 G's.

and I could hardly lift ⁴
my hand off my lap!
(G's are a unit of measure or
pull against the body. The
human body can only stand
so many).

When we took off,
an old B-25 had just
taken off before us, and in
no time flat it was way
down below and behind us.
The pilot did a power dive
for me! Gad! I thought
for a moment I would
block out, but didn't. When
we were diving, I had to
look up to see the earth!

It was ^{all} very exciting
and I enjoyed it immensely,
but I must admit I was
glad to set foot on the earth
again! Love, to you and Pop,
Mike.

K



m & mrs Hugh M Quigley
505 East Carter Street
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania

Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.
Box 43 R. R. 1 Yellow Springs, Ohio

Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.

Box 43 R. R. 1 Yellow Springs, Ohio

December 27, 1952

Dearest Daddy and Mummie,

I just don't know how I'll ever get through this letters as I have so many things I want to say and I have that swelling up I think I shall burst with happiness feeling--and I have been just sitting here thinking that these are the blessings of life--of God. I mean I've always wondered what exactly "God bless you" meant, but now this morning I believe I know--my blessings are my husband here, and my family in Bellefonte and friends all over the country--and in addition to those ~~the~~ real and tangible things, my blessings are also little intangible things that happen every day and make life beautiful and worth cooking another macaroni and cheese (ugh) supper for. I got letters from both of you this morning and they both made me feel so happy--Henry looked so proud holding his grouses and Ma looks serene and contented holding the dogs--but where was Papa holding his doe??!! And though Mummie's letter didn't come until today, its wish for our Merry Christmas certainly bore fruit. The little box of notepaper came this morning too, Daddy, and I liked it very much. I'm so glad there are two of each kind of bird, because I will write in one and save the other--I can't bear to part with them but it seems a shame to not use them! And there are the other two packages down at the post office from Bellefonte which must be Mike's present and maybe the green dress? I haven't the car with which to get them, but the boy who brought in the mail (Ken Underwood, who lives out back) said he would go down. I guess that is another of the blessings of life, that people go out of their way to do nice things for others.

We got a lot more Christmas cards this morning with notes on them from people I'm fond of--and one especially that pleased me, from Uncle Fred. He was so happy we had thought of him--his note was warm and more human than I've ever known him to be. I was really moved, but then a little saddened as I got half way through the pile of cards and came across another one from him written two days later and with another but shorter note. On both the handwriting was shaky and though I don't know his writing I wondered if he had been drinking--I feel he must be very lonely and unhappy and I felt like writing him to come visit us and we would go walking in the Glenn all day and spend the evening with a beer and the Messiah. I will tell you what his note said "It was very sweet of you to send me a card and I just can't tell you how ~~much~~ very much I liked it. That has happened is just one of those things which affects two individuals only and the reason shouldn't either interest or affect anyone else since there was no overt cause on either one's part.

Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.

Box 43 R. R. 1 Yellow Springs, Ohio

I value your affection too much to lose it. Best of everything to you both and do hope all goes well with you." and under the greeting in the card he wrote" to Nell and Joe from your Uncle Fred."

You know we ~~were~~ completely delighted with the rugs--the color and size are perfect for the bedroom. You would both laugh at the way we keep walking over them and every time making some comment about "how ~~luxurious~~ luxurious" At first Joe wanted to save one of them for "the new house" which made me laugh--he said that about some very pretty tea towels Heinie sent--let's save them for when ~~when~~ we have a house--but I assured him there would probably be many more Christmases before we had a house so we wouldn't have to worry about having new things for it. Right now he's pretty revved up about a house and keep saying he thinks we'll be able to do something about it in two years--which makes me chuckle again as when we first bought the land he said we will build a house in two years--and that was two years ago!! Anyway, he goes through these stages, but I'm not worried as we're most comfortable here and probably will be for at least two years (yes, I'm taking in the possibility of one child in the interim!) (Now isn't that an amazing thought? You might as well know we're working on it!!) Do you think you two are mature enough to accept the responsibilities of grandparenthood?!) Well, to get back to the rugs--they are both on the floor and we love them. You certainly couldn't have made a better choice and we thank you very, very much. Also I love the little fluff of an apron--I always look at them at church bazaars but haven't had the nerve to indulge in something so frivolous. Joe likes the 4 seasons seasoning too and is anxious to try them--no doubt he will wear my new apron while he's experimenting! And we thank you for the wool too--now that Christmas is over we will get back to our rugmaking with a new zest.

I'm glad you liked the card we made as we certainly enjoyed doing it--especially licking all those stickers! Joe did the inside work and I did the outside and we both pasted stickers.

Also I'm delighted you liked the family tree as I was pretty sure you would. I had a wonderful time doing that --planned it and replanned it months in advance--and I certainly hope it is right! I showed it to Mary before I sent it and she liked it though she hadn't heard of Kline Quigley, but she seemed satisfied enough when I told her Heinie had provided that information. I guess the three Michael Quigley's must have been Kline's father, grandfather and great grandfather? I hope everyone else liked their presents too. The cup, Daddy, was Joe's idea and I thought a pretty good one. I am sorry you weren't there when the call finally got through but I guess

Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.

Box 43 R. R. 1 Yellow Springs, Ohio

Mummie pretty well took care of everybody's love and Merry Christmases! It was so nice to talk to you. Then we opened our presents I wanted to call myself right away because we were so delighted with everything, especially the rug, but I was so excited I was afraid I wouldn't be very coherent and also I must confess Joe and I were having a wonderful time but I was afraid when I heard your voices I would get suddenly homesick! By the time your call did come, I was still excited but the day had gone so beautifully it was too late to get homesick and mope. Well I must tell you about our first real Christmas together alone so to speak!

Christmas Eve Joe got home from work at the usual time and we had a delicious dinner of scalloped oysters, Rhine wine and candlelight. Then we put up our tree and what a tree! We had bought it the Saturday before and kept it out in the backyard in a bucket of water. From then until we put it up, we argued about what we were going to put it on, but when we brought it in the house we discovered it was too big to put on anything but the floor! It's a scrawny thing, but we both think it is quite lovely now that its all trimmed as we have quite a few interesting and different ornaments. I did quite a lot of shopping around for them here and there--as Joe said to someone "she wasn't above going into a crowded department in the store and buying ONE ornament." I also got a nine foot chain of little balls like the ones you have--I didn't think they could be bought anymore. Well then we decorated the picture frames and window sills with pine branches we got in the Glen and put many candles around and our little tiny ornaments--do you still have yours?--and finally at 9:30 the place looked most gala and pretty. So we got dressed up and went off to the Coopers for Eggnogg. Then we went to the Peters for delicious punch. And then we went to church. I was a little homesick there--this church of Joey's just doesn't click with me. In the first place I don't like having everything in Latin--there's too much beautiful prose, and poetry too, in the church to have it all lost in a language you can't understand. And secondly I would estimate that the place was lit by about 2000 watts of electricity. We went early because the congregation was supposed to join in Christmas caroling--but NOBODY sang--they just sat there like bumps. I think all the light had something to do with it. I should say nobody but Joe and me--we sat in the very last row right in front of the choir and we both sang right out! I am glad I went to church, Joe was very pleased and I did say quite a few prayers especially for peace.. Did you know that we say Peace on earth good will to men and that the Catholics say Peace on earth to men of good will. I think that is very interesting.

Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.

Box 43 R. R. 1 Yellow Springs, Ohio

Christmas morning we got up about 9:30 and went right over to the Buergers in our pajamas through the snow! I had made a doll for Adrienne and we had a pot of Ivy Joe had nursed along for Aileen. We had a pleasant time there watching Adrienne go crazy with all her new toys and then we came home to open our own presents and we had quite a few, all very nice. The rugs, the apron and the seasonings from you, the wonderful records from Hank (They're playing right now!) A book on birds, a pretty scarf and some towels from Heinie, a wonderful chopping board from Marge and Bill, candy from Joe's boss, a fascinating Japanese statuette from the Malonies in Japan, a bottle of champagne of all things from godchild Pat Peters! I gave Joe a pair of pajamas that he needed badly and he gave me a subscription to Natural History magazine, a thing we've both been talking about doing since last summer. And Joe had a lovely stocking I made filled with all sorts of exciting things like shoe laces and dental floss. So we had a great time opening the presents, then we had breakfast and afterwards set to work making food for the evening party.

Finally we got dressed and set forth to the Peters--the kids were wild with all there things and the living room was a shambles but we all had a good time. Then we went to the Wheelers where the kids (younger) were napping and the shambles had been cleaned up. We had some tasty eggnog and a delicious dinner of roast goose. We came home about six thirty and finished preparations for our own party which commenced an hour later with the Evans', Aunt Mary, the Powers and the Coopers. We had delicious eggnogg too served in that big glass ~~big~~ salad bowl Mar Iovine gave us, and many little goodies to eat. Mary brought us a lovely table cloth and a cute little yellow dish of some sort that matched it and the Evans gave us a basket for rolls and one of those ashtrays that has a beanbag bottom to keep it on the arm of a chair. The party was a tremendous success and we thought a most fitting climax to a wonderful day. The Yellow Springs guests left about 11 and the Dayton people stayed until 12:30!

And so we had a very Merry Christmas--and we thought about you all most of the day and hoped you ~~had~~ were having a Merry Christmas too. I enjoyed talking to you so much--telephones are wonderful things--I felt you were just down the street and we certainly were delighted with all your presents. We both thank you very very much again and hope you will soon be able to visit again and tread upon our rugs! In the meantime this letter has been interrupted by the arrival of the packages the one from Mike is a record and the other is from the Love's--how very nice of them. I shan't open them until Joe gets home though so I can't say what they are. Now I believe I'd better give this up--aren't I long winded, Pop??!

*A very happy New Year to you both
with all my love Ellen*

*Daddy - if you have any extra calendar (would like to
hang one in the kitchen)*

Mr. Joseph E. Malone, Jr.

Box 43 R.R. 1 Yellow Springs, Ohio

P.S. Sunday -

Miles record is one we both like very much. And did Mrs. Love tell you what she had sent us? — 8 used tea spoons in the King pattern starting with £2m on them!! We were both so excited & very pleased. She certainly is nice to us and we hardly know what to think. It would be true to say she shouldn't have done it — she really does things in the grand & proper way doesn't she. And also quaint & practical — her little card said "Merry Christmas from Martha & John Love for 1952 and 1953". (thought that was nice of her to make it clear — and certainly right as all that silver is quite a present). Well I just hope I can write and an adequate letter truly expressing our thanks. Do you think I should address her as Dear Martha or Dear Mrs. Love (never know?) Again thank you for the beautiful rug, the note paper, the agave, seasonings & wool! And very much love all 3 send you the love

Ellen

K.



HIRE THE HAND
IT'S GOOD F



Mr & Mrs Hugh M. Quigley
505 E. Curtin Street
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania

Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.
Box 43 R. R. 1 Yellow Springs, Ohio

Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.

Box 43 R. R. 1 Yellow Springs, Ohio

August 13, 1952

Dear Mummie and Daddy,

I guess I still haven't written you much about the Great Trip--I seem to remember writing short letters to you both and saying each time "no time now--will write a longer letter later"! Already the trip seems so long ago--but it most certainly will never be forgotten! Along with the memories of a perfect two weeks, we brought back four rolls of black and white film and one colored, a book full of pressed flowers and, of course, boxes of rocks!! It was a most memorable trip in many ways and I will enjoy talking about it for many months...

Even the trips out and back was fun--I really hadn't been looking forward to it as I don't care for driving too much, and it looked so far on the map. But it was interesting--even Kansas! The horizon is flat--you can see for miles in every direction--the road is straight as a die but it gently rolls up and down. But its beautiful golden wheat fields, beautiful blue sky and no clouds, huge red or orange combines in the fields reaping Kansas' best crop in years. We went through at an interesting time--my only abjection was that the state was just about 150 miles too long! We stayed in Hannibal Missouri the first night out and were rather surprised to find out it was Tom Sawyer town! The next night we stayed in Kansas somewhere in a funny little motel connected to a gas station where you could buy beer. We sat on the front porch, drinking beer with the never ceasing hot Kansas wind blowing in our faces and reveling in our isolation. We got to Estes Park the middle of the third afternoon--though it was three o'clock by their time it was five by our time and stomachs so we ate a good dinner before setting out in search of Lew's cabin.

The cabin was a darling--to be sure there were many other cabins around--but the hilliness and trees put us rather by ourselves. I cooked by a funny kerosene stove and when it got dark there was a gasoline lantern. Joe hauled water and walked out to the privvy with me after dark because all the funny little scurrying noises in the woods scared me! And when we took a bath you should have seen us--and I might add, we only did it twice while there! We heated the water, filled a big tub on the back stoop and there was our bath! Lew really got a big charge out of that--Lew's family lives only 30 minutes away so they always takes their baths at home and Lew took showers in the Rangers barracks. Living in that little cabin was as much fun as anything else on the whole trip.

Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.

Box 43 R. R. 1 Yellow Springs, Ohio

And "all we did" while there--which amounted to 8 days--was hike and climb! I could rhapsodize for pages on the beauties of hiking and climbing in Colorful Colorado--but I certainly couldn't do the subject justice. You'd have to do it yourself! And you'd both love it. We thought of Daddy when we saw the deer and the mountain sheep and one lone ptarmigan way up on the slopes about 12,000 feet above sea level--no, she wasn't a lone ptarmigan at all--she had three little ones with her! And we thought of Mummie when we saw all the beautiful flowers, especially the tiny tiny ones in the alpine zone above the timberline, and the good painting scenery like snowy mountains reflected in clear blue lakes!

Those eight days were just heavenly--each one better than the last. That's funny--because the first night we were there Lew outlined a schedule for us so we could make the most of our time--and we followed it because we felt he, who lived there, knew best about where to go. When we came back the first day we thought he had given us the best trip first because surely nothing could have been more exciting or beautiful--and the second day we felt the same--and the third--and so on. It was incredible because we felt sure that after each day every thing would be anti-climatical--but it never was....And each days trip was different--one would be a high rugged trip, the next would be through beautiful lake and woods country and one day when he went with us we went to an old abandoned silver mine in a ghost town! That was the only day we did much driving--the others days we walked--miles. And as you can imagine we ate heartily and went to bed at 9 or 9:30--to get a wonderful sleep in the clear cool (cold) Colorado air to bounce up again at 6:30 or 7 for more!

We left Lew a day early, Sunday to go to Denver and spend the afternoon with Bill and Liz and the evening with an old Army buddy's of Joes. The latter took us to Red Rocks Amphitheatre--see Time a few weeks ago, Lily Pons sang there--and then on to Central City, an 1890 gold mining town which has been preserved by some historical society to its original board sidewalks, swinging doors, Teller House and the face on the barroom floor. Very quaint and atmospheric but highly commercialized. The place was full of people all very gay and most of them pretty much four sheets to the wind. When we left, Joe at the wheel, we were stopped at the bottom of the hill just out of town by a policeman, who carried on a casual conversation with Joe, shined a flashlight in his eyes and finally said, Well all right boy, go ahead, but be careful, its a rough road ahead. I really thought it was wonderful that they checked on drunken driving before anyone got killed--because it WAS a rough road--such curves, such hills--and at night.

Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.

Box 43 R. R. 1 Yellow Springs, Ohio

Much later. I've just come back from the swimming pool. I go out there every Wednesday and Friday from 11:30 to 1:30 (but this is the last week) to help with a swim period for the town children. It's really quite a lot of fun, though sometimes when there are only three of us and 35 children it gets a bit hectic. I must tell you about my "beach robe"! You will both be happy to know, I'm sure, that I must of inherited quite a few of my mothers cleverness genes--people around here now and then tell me how clever I am and I remember from way back people telling Mummie how clever she is! Anyway I get cold standing wet at the edge of the pool, or worse still, waist deep, watching the kiddies and trying to tell them how to flutter kick. So I decided I needed a terry cloth jacket--Rike's \$ 9.85. So I made a really lovely one out of two old towels--very simple but its got nice lines and hangs well. The edge of the towel is the bottom of the jacket and the sleeves, no hems, and the whole thing is flat fell seams, handstitched. I suppose that is a fairly obvious thing to do, but I'm quite proud of it and so is Joe. Everytime some one has come here since I made it, he has said , "Oh, Nell, show them your jacket"

In fact, I've been having quite a time with children lately. Last Sunday, Pauline Peters step mother died suddenly and she went, just as suddenly, home to Massachusetts. And I took care of Jimmy and Pat. I went down to their house at 8 so Andy could go to work, gave them breakfast got them dressed, and tried to get Pat on the pot just before and not just after. Then I got lunch for the kids and Andy too, and put Pat to bed for a nap and tried to keep Jimmy quiet. Andy came home about 5-- and took me home so I could get supper for Joey! Quite a day--and it lasted for five days! But I had a good time and I don't think the children suffered too much.

Joe says Mary is doing very well in the store, but he hasn't seen her for quite awhile. I haven't seen or talked to Weeds since we went over there just after we returned from Colorado. That day I went over in the afternoon and we had a great deal of news to catch up on. She got a dark green oval dish for the hens and chickens and they look very attractive. And by the way, thank you for the Sodus Point rocks--several of them are very interesting. And also the love you sent via Weeds! I gueas she had had quite a time at home(E.O.) but had the chance to talk at length to her father. She felt her mother had been unfair on some points, but so had her father. I thought she did a good job of not taking sides to vehemently--because she certainly is in a difficult position. Of course, one

Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.

Box 43 R. R. 1 Yellow Springs, Ohio

couldn't help but become emotionally involved, but I think she has an amazingly detached and objective attitude about both her parents at this point. Not that I think one should be detached about their parents--certainly not--but I feel in this case for your own sanity you shouldn't get too involved with either one. The whole thing is very deplorable to me, and upsets me, and I really feel for Weeds--but I'm so glad that she is married to Don and has her own family and life--she is very happy--and has become one of my best friends out here. Mary, Don and Joe came home from work together and interrupted our conversation which had degenerated at that point into a hot discussion of husbands! Mary seemed happy with her job but pretty well subdued on all other counts. She has gotten an apartment, a block or so away, but was waiting for her furniture to arrive to move in. She spoke of her stay in Bellefonte--told about the wonderful dinner Mummie described in her letter--but outside that had little to say. Joe has nothing to do with her in the store as far as business goes, and doesn't see her much outside of that.

Well, this is getting to be quite a letter--and I do think I've talked enough about myself. By the way, doesn't the typewriter write beautifully? But of course, you didn't expect that the overhauling job would clear up the typographical errors!!

Your trips sounded wonderful--I would love the chance to go to Wilmington and see Henry in his natural habitat there! Glad he showed you our honeymoon haunts! Aunt Heinie tells me Martha Wynn is going to have a baby. Tell Mike I've been working up to writing him a letter one of these days. Now I must go down to the garden and see if I can't scrounge up some vegetable for supper. This hot weather and no rain surely have been rough on the poor little vegetables! I suppose you are having the same trouble with yours but you do have a chance to water them. I forgot to tell you about our Colorado trees. Joe so carefully and gently brought back a whole box full of little spindly things and we have them planted ~~in~~ in a little plot between the maple trees. There are spruces and firs and a ponderosa pine--from whence the cones I sent you--and some aspens. Actually most of them look pretty fair. If they do ~~get~~ grow, those with the pine trees we had before will give us quite a few trees!

This is the end--write soon and tell us how everything is--Oh, tell me about the showing of your pictures--how exciting! I would love to be able to see them all together--and I'm so flattered to be included among them!

Very much love *Ellen*



PALESTINE
MAY 2 1928
5:30 PM
PA.

Mrs. Theodore Storb
5 North Nine Street
Lancaster
Pennsylvania

MRS. HUGH M. QUIGLEY
BELLEFONTE, PENNSYLVANIA

MRS. HUGH M. QUIGLEY
BELLEFONTE, PENNSYLVANIA

June 29th

Dearest Kate & dearest Will,
(To show no partiality)
I'm writing to you together
to tell you all about every-
thing in detail and I really
couldn't do it twice —

You see, our scheme
worsht - You got her girl
and I the boy - and we
each had them so easily
that we are the talk of

the town, they tell me! Quis
came before the doctor could
get there but I was a little
better! I had a doctor but no
nurse, so Heinie acted nurse
and, lordy, but we had fun!

My pains were so slight
that I was afraid I was acting
like Mary - when you were
here, Nelly! - but finally I
decided to send for the nurse
& Hugie had to go for her - to

MRS. HUGH M. QUIGLEY
BELLEFONTE, PENNSYLVANIA

Zork Haven. Fatty was
having a dinner party - stag.
so I told Hugie to go there first
and then to get Betsy -
plenty of time, said I. so I
told Heinie what was hap-
pening, but no one else
went next door to supper.
Heinie kept up a brave
string of conversation as
I wasn't feeling so talkative

Fortunately, for once, Ellen
began crying over here as I
had an excuse to leave in-
stead of helping with the
dishes as usual. I lay on
my bed with Ellen & tried
to prevent her from sitting
on my tummy but that was
the only thing she wanted
to do. Heinie came over &
finally at 7:45 she con-
sented to go to bed -

MRS. HUGH M. QUIGLEY
BELLEFONTE, PENNSYLVANIA

so then Heinie & I got to work-
I undressed & Heinie helped me with
an enema only she forgot to
put the water in & we couldn't
understand why nothing happened.
so then we began to giggle. Then
I took a shower & washed my
hair. By then the pains were
quite bad & I was worried be-
cause I knew I couldn't wait
till Betsy Martin got here.

just then Mother Dugley called
up that she was going out
to play bridge & was Ellen
all right. So we both called
out cheerily & then began to
giggle again. In a few minutes
the doctor came and Hennie went
to make my bed while I was
frantically trying to dry my
hair - sitting on the potty as
I was bleeding fast. It's a
wonder I didn't have the baby

MRS. HUGH M. QUIGLEY
BELLEFONTE, PENNSYLVANIA

then! Finally I could stand it no longer so I rushed in & jumped on the bed with my nightie all up around my neck & the doctor hurriedly threw a sheet over me! He & Heinie were trying to put the posts under the legs to prop up the bed and as fast as they got one under another would fall and twice the

whole bed spilled over +
crashed with poor me on it!
They giggled but I didn't
think it was so funny then.
So I had to get off + I was
sure the baby would land
on the floor. I caught sight
of myself in the mirror and
a funnier sight you never
saw - white face, big dark
eyes and my hair - still wet,
all standing on end! It was

MRS. HUGH M. QUIGLEY
BELLEFONTE, PENNSYLVANIA

8:20 I noticed then. I jumped
on the bed again - nightie up
and again the doctor covered
me! I pulled at the sheet
& insisted the baby was
coming but he paid no at-
tention to me but directed
Kleinie to get some old clean
rags - I couldn't think for
the life of me where such
things were but Kleinie did.

Then the water broke & still
the doctor paid no heed & I
was getting mad. Then - a
few good hard pains and I
heard Baby Henry crying &
asked if he were ^a boy & the
doctor said - "just to the tips!"

It was then 8:30. I tried to
raise up to see him & the
doctor pushed me down &
told up the baby like a
puppy - by the back (not by
the skin, of course!)

MRS. HUGH M. QUIGLEY
BELLEFONTE, PENNSYLVANIA

Then I had to see the after-birth which the doctor also held up on being coated. At nine every thing was in order - Hugie & the doctor sitting by smoking and the baby kicking violently on Hugie's bed when Hugie & Betsy came. They couldn't believe it - they thought the party hadn't begun - until they held the son!

and the grand parents just had
ten fits - especially Mother I -
so that is the story of
Baby Henry's entrance into
the world. He weighed eleven
pounds & still weighed it
at the end of his first
week. Now he is almost
two weeks old & went with-
out his 2 A.M. feeding last
night - you will appreciate
that, Kate.

MRS. HUGH M. QUIGLEY
BELLEFONTE, PENNSYLVANIA

I was glad to get your
telegram, Nelly - only do
write - both of you - I ap-
preciate letters at this time.
I don't think will bother
about the blankets, now,
Kate. I've been given a lot
of blue things anyway.

And, Nelly, don't forget
you are coming up here

in August - we are all looking
forward to it - and I do hope
you'll stay two weeks - one
is so short. How I wish
you could come, too, Kate!
What fun we'd have with
all our babies. Ellen loves
this one & loudly calls him
the "cry-baby."
Well, it's lunch time - I'm
stopping nursing already. Not
enough. And do write -
Love - Mora



GIVE
RED CROSS
FUND



Mr. & Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley
East Luther St.,
Bellefonte, Pa.

W. F. REYNOLDS, JR.
122 EAST 42ND STREET
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

W. F. REYNOLDS, JR.
122 EAST 42ND STREET
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

March 30/53.

Dear Once & Hugh-

It was so nice of you to ask me to spend Easter with you & family. With Second best it just can't be done. Too many things are boiling around here which I can't get away from right now. The most important is a study of the reorganization of the Company's purchasing set-up with a view to getting more over-all control in my office. I have to do a lot of work on week-ends to finish the job in the time allotted.

And Maud asked me to spend Easter with her also & had to postpone seeing her until some day the week of April 13. I expect

to be in New England that week
& can stop off for an evening with
her. It is far too long since
I've seen her.

I tried to play golf on Sunday
in the mud & as I was getting
set to pitch to the 4th green a
nice fat woodcock flew across
the fairway, about 25 yards in
front of me! The place is crowded
with robins & blue birds & song
sparrows even the the first
flowers & hedge are only showing
the first tint of green. The
hawkes are murdering them
because there is no foliage
for them to hide in yet. Our
fairways are littered with

W. F. REYNOLDS, JR.
122 EAST 42ND STREET
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

feathers - even those of
flickers! They must be red-
tailed or some other big hawk.

(My writing has gotten so bad
I can hardly handle it!)

I will be in touch with you
toward the end of April as I
would like to come up for a
couple of days before the middle
of May or whenever it would be
convenient for you about that
time.

Best wishes, lots of love +
best wishes for a happy Easter -

Affectionately -

Fred.

(Over)

I just realized I didn't have
time to answer your letter before
I left on a trip to some of our
factories & only got back on
Saturday morning. Please account
for this long delay in replying.

W. F. REYNOLDS, JR.
122 EAST 42ND STREET
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

April 20/53.

Dear Tom & Hugh -

Needie has just had a son
7 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. - 8:30 this evening called
Michael Paul.

Everything went O.K. & both are
fine. —

Didnt expect him until Thursday!
Just wanted you both to know
of his birth right away —

Ron —

Fred.



Mrs. Hugh W. Paisley
505 E. Curtin St.
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania

K.

325 A325 HENRIETTA QUIGLEY 433 WEST 21ST STREET NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

July 13, 1952

Dear Nora,

I hope you are resting comfortably after the labors of entertaining your sister-in-law. Mary wrote me from Dayton that she was to start work yesterday (Saturday) in a training class at Reik's. It's been a long time since she last worked but I hope she will be able to settle into a routine again without too much trouble. If it suits you I think I will plan to be in Bellegrove the last week in September. Too many people are away in August for me to be able to take the time then and my first assistant doesn't come back until the middle of September so the last week of Sept. is about the soonest it will be convenient for me to leave.

Had you other plans for them or
will that suit?

The Florida holiday was wonderful
in every way. We enjoyed housekeeping
in Katherine's East Apt., had Ted
and Katherine right overheard for
company and help of every kind
That was needed. got lots of them and
swimming and had two ornithological
trips, remarkable beauties and
interest To top everything Mr. Katherine
drove us down to Key West for the
trip to the Dry Tortugas. The Deep
are fascinating - we stopped to
see Richard and Nancy but learned
they had gone North. The 65 mi.
trip on the fishing boat out to
Fort Jefferson and the other Dry
Tortugas was simply wonderful.
Any trip on any boat always suits
me and this was really wonderful.

After we had seen what we came to see - The Sooty and noddy Terns nesting - we had a whole kettle of fresh boiled shrimp for supper out on the deck - Capt. hefted Kegans got them from a Traveller while we were on the island looking at the birds. We sat out on the deck and ate them, then we washed up, turned out the lantern and sat on under the stars, rocking pleasantly in a cool breeze. It wasn't so nice when we took to our hard bunks for the cool breeze didn't come in the port holes very well. The captain and the mate were better off. They took cushions out on the open deck. Next day we fished on the way home. Katherine and I were more than satisfied with the barracudas we each caught, and which gave us a wonderful battle, we

didn't want to keep them so the
wife threw them both back. We
got back to Key West early enough
the second afternoon to drive up the
High about 50 miles before we
stopped for the night. Great hotels
wonderful? We found a beauty at
Marathon and got a good night's
sleep after all our labors. The trip to
Everglades the second week was very
different but just as wonderful. Both
Ferd and Katherine went with us that
time and they enjoyed it as much
as we did. It was an Audubon trip
and the Society drove us from Miami
in a station wagon over the Tamiami
Trail, stopping every time there were
birds to see. We had lunch and a
nap at the Rod and Gun Club in
Everglades City and at 3:30 set out
in the Audubon Society's boat for a

Cruise among the 10,000 Islands.

There were about 8 people by that time
for others drove down to Everglades City
themselves. Noe and Ted and I were

given the choice seats in the bow in

front of the cabin. It was heavenly

and we saw wonderful things -

various egrets and herons and a

flock of roseate spoonbills. The big

sight however was the evening flight

of the white ibis ~~at~~ who come in to

roost every evening on a little island

called Duck Rock. There are about

100,000 of them and they take about

two hours to come out of the Everglades

and settle down for the night. I never

hope to see such a magnificent sight

again. They are large white birds

with black wing tips and scarlet

bills, faces and legs and they fly in

beautiful ribbons and streamers

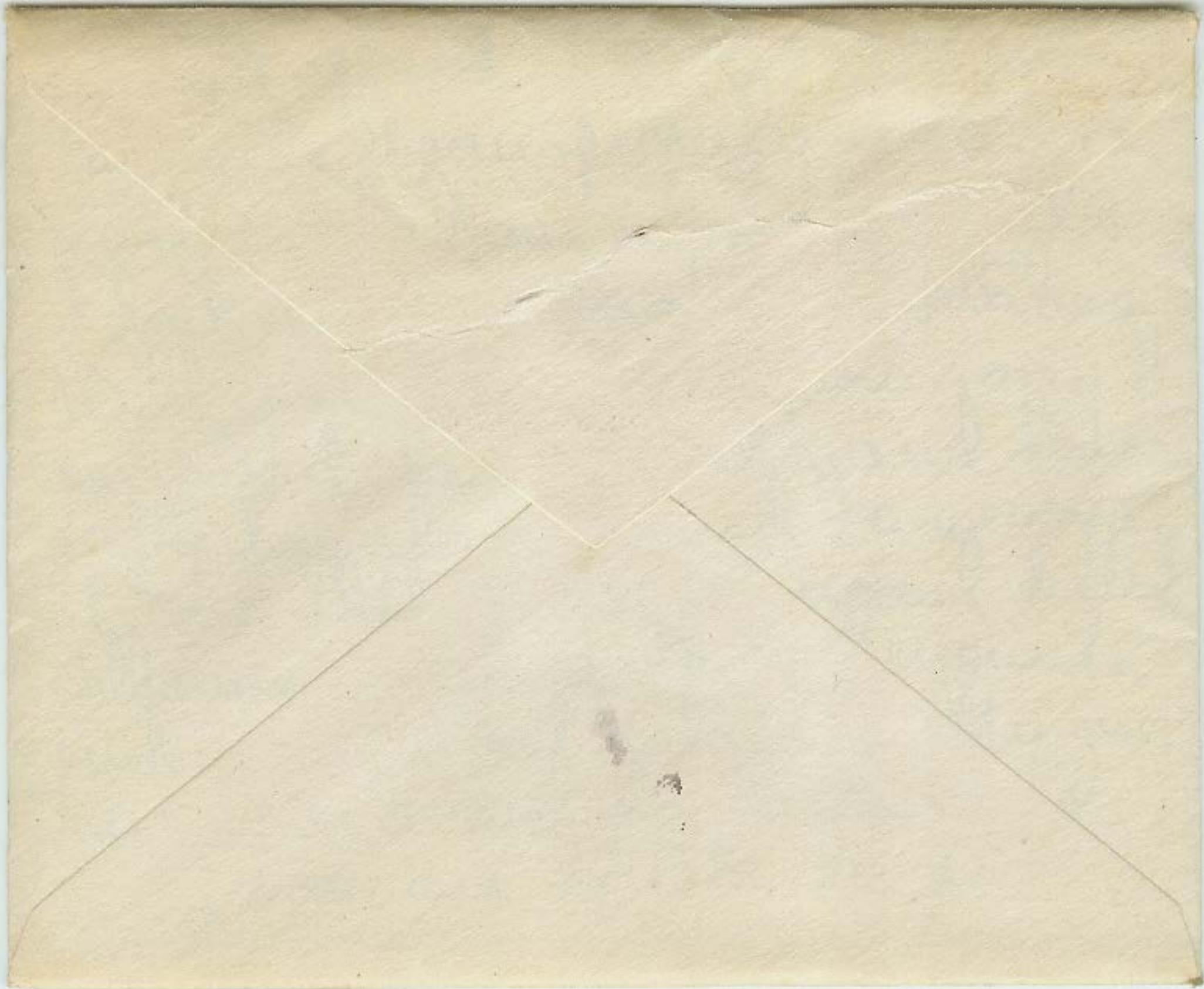
and it's shortening and re-forming
in the late afternoon sun. We had
a ~~so~~ delicious supper out on the deck
and then cleaned house to the
Rod and Gun Club. It was dark when
we got there and so to bed. On the
way back to Miami next morning
we took the loop road through a
Cypress swamp and saw more birds
and also orchids growing on the
airplane. It seems years since
it all happened but we have been
back in N.Y. exactly ~~two~~ weeks!
It's hot and sticky to-day and I
hope you appreciate all the effort
I have put in writing you a real
letter! Now, I have to do the washing
Harrises, but maybe the cellar will
be cool - Much love to all three,
Heini

PHILA/DELPHIA
APR 19 1946
5-PM A
1946

BUY U. S. SAVINGS
BONDS
ASK YOUR POSTMASTER



Mrs Hugh W Quigley
301 East Curtin St
Bellefonte -
Pa



Wed 6³⁰ A.M.

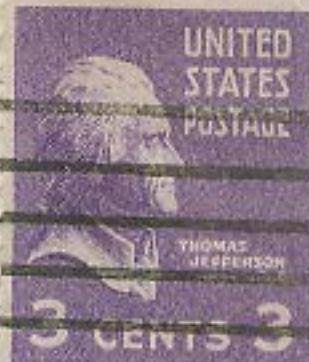
Dear Mora - wait
much for this but
I'll try a letter. Yesterday and
the day before I really felt an
the mind but the swelling is
not going down in my legs
and I am on my second kind
of medicine. Dr. S. just gave me
three shots which did the trick
but then it came back so then
he began with these medicines
I still have my two nurses and
like them - maybe I could get
along with - at the three to seven
are but it would be hard some
days and very lonely now. Eliza
Shoemaker came in to-night with
a lovely box of peppermints and she
says the Mother legs swell when she
gets the short of breath. Yells but
she has never had it in her body
as I have - I guess every - thing is
to be a bit different for me. How
am patiently waiting and counting

at the Strand to get me out of this
He has been away but ~~now~~ he
gets home soon. They all are angels
to keep writing when I can't reply
or telephone and gradually I will have
to re-read your letters and answer
questions. Now I must thank you
for washing and ironing so beautifully
my bed-packet. Yesterday was the
first time it and got compliments up
and left. What ever would happen to me
if you weren't so sweet and kind. Have
a long letter from Sophie Love but
haven't opened it and shan't until
I am sure I can properly read and
answer it. I am a shaky girl &
I don't want to make mistakes.
Will you tell Martha how sorry I
am about her rhinestones and how
pretty her plant is and I am hoping
it did that her extravagant sister
Catherine sent me the most exquisite
pink roses last Saturday. My one
nurse has asked for Easter and
gotten some one to take her place

She has been making a little white hat for herself
and now is doing one for another nurse - They are
sweet and it makes me think of you - She does
them here in the after - noons and if only I had
Rusty in my bed I would be content. Ellen wrote me
of Henry's trip to N.Y. and I should say she enjoyed it
too - thank goodness she is going back to the Camp
and I hope Antioch will offer her more than
she definitely wants to go. Have a beautiful bunch of
daffodils and two kinds of narcissus a nurse's aid Mrs
Fisher brought me - Sarah gave me her arms full of
shopping with an Easter basket of soap, powder and toilet
water for me - she looks fine and is ready to fly
to Trinidad next week. Sam came for her on Friday
dove down - They will have dinner with Barbara at
McReilly's - so surprised to learn C has went to Rome
and brought Automette back but the trip will do them
both good - Hope it means C is feeling much better -
Fancy Jane sent me a box of arbatus which every
one admired and gradually many more - My room
was prepared for days - before I wrote the flower
was delivered - you all were beautiful and seemed very pleased
so thank you very again - Have a stack of bills here
to be paid and gradually will get it done - I
am taking care of the Church flower as usual or do
you need help - a little late to be thinking about it -
I am getting cold all bundled up here so hope Miss
Wing soon comes - I never put foot out of bed these
days and am afraid shant for a long time - Had
a long letter from Miss Kelly to surprise me when
I hadnt answered her last - Poor Miss Dowderty has put up
a brave fight - With much love to you all - Longfellow



GIVE
+
RED CROSS
WAR FUND



Mr Hugh M Quigley
901 East Main St
Bellefonte
Pa

Mr W F. Reynolds
#231 Presby Hsgt
Phila
Pa

Tuesday



Dear Nore - It is 3 A.M and
instead of being here I will
write - so that have had
a good night going right back
to sleep after leaving bed - say
but now I seem to be wide awake
It was grand to have Janet walk in
Sunday and she looks physically well.
Yesterday she arrived at 10 A.M. and I
was just being fixed - played with time
to go to beautor parlor at 11:30 P.M. Her
hair looked lovely when she came in

about 7 P.M. but she thinks its wrong
Dr. S came early yesterday morning &
and gave me a shot in the arm to
help me get rid of the fluid and I can
see quite an improvement to-night
He first used half the dosage and I
wonder what to-morrows will bring
Any way I've had some sleep again
which I sorely needed. To-night is
much warmer - bad news for me
in bed and expect I will have to
stay right here. Janet insisted on
brushing my hair this morning
and I waited until her dad a
nurse. It looked alright but she
brushed and brushed until I was
exhausted. My strength is at low
ebb and I get breathless - feel 3 p.m.
digitally a day now and do seem
to need it. She is doing some
shopping in the morning before
coming here and that will give
me a chance to get fixed up. Had
a letter from Uncle telling me the
oranges are on the way and says
so many people are coming home.
Also a letter from Sarah saying

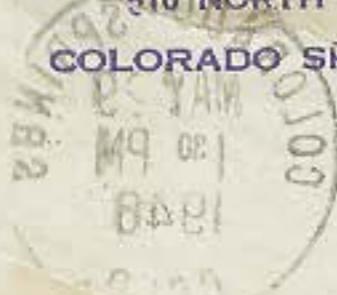
she has to be here the 4th to see her
doctors so will see me in between
appointments. Judging from the letter
she is a lot better and certainly
flying around the country. But
~~tell me~~ Ed is home and you
picture the excitement in your house.
Hope she soon leaves for your sake.
Apparently Doug is going to be
kept at add indeed we may be in
another war before we know it.
You maybe I can go back to sleep again
if not I'll read. Much love to all

COLORADO SPRINGS
MAY 29
1:30 PM
1946
2010



Mrs. Hugh M. Dugley
301 East Custom St.
Bellefonte - Penna.

MISS MARGARET H. COOK
610 NORTH CASCADE AVENUE
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO



MISS MARGARET H. COOK
610 NORTH CASCADE AVENUE
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

Dear Nora -

My brother and I are very appreciative of your letter. "Such a nice letter"! telling us so many things we wanted to know. I'm sure Grace would have liked everything you did for her at the last just as you did in life. My only regret is her failure to make a will. She talked so much about what she was giving to this one and that one. I am very inexperienced in such things but I hope you and Jack and other dear friends may be given some lovely

keep cakes. I do not worry Marshall
Cook tho I am glad he has John Lom
advice & hope things can be settled
quickly. You know, of course of our
California Club's will which is still
dragging on. My brother says miles
the bequest to Gree was left to her
her estate it will not be paid. The per-
sonal things - a rug & small bag on
which she said the inheritance tax may
go to her. There she said now to be more
and no taxed about them. I was
left an evening cape! But at least
I have thought of and definitely and
thoroughly.

I'm sorry I can't help if help
now needed. When I think of the
many times in Grace's house that
would be valuable & not sufficient
I long to be allowed to see that they
get where they are needed. I know
she would much prefer them to when
they could do good.

I am sure I agree with you about
the service. Mr. Lamuthis had the ser-
vice for Grace's mother and I felt it
was very lacking - but that just
shows the need for many churches.
You have been good to keep Rusty -
Grace loves him & it means a great deal

MISS MARGARET H. COOK
610 NORTH CASCADE AVENUE
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

to her to know you care for her - But
she is a dear and you have enough in-
tact her so you need have no feelings
about having her pack to sleep. She has
been such a pet and would be unhappy
unless loved. There is something so appal-
ing about an undoved animal. It is
kinder to send them into oblivion.

You do not know Lucy Keller who be-
longs to another generation - but - because
she often saw Grace & appreciated her I
much to send you the letter that came
today - tho not written it - I read & share
it with you. It gives a side light and
shows appreication of all who even do
know Grace. I wonder if you have
ever told what the autopsy revealed: I

would be interested, especially since
many of Grace's symptoms were like
those of a friend here who died a year
ago -

MISS MARGARET H. COOK
610 NORTH CASCADE AVENUE
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

My love to you and appreciation
for letting me share Grace's last jour-
ney and for all you did for her

Affectionately

Margaret H Cook

Please remember me to Hugh

1505 N. 54th St
Philadelphia 31, Pa.

May 23, 1946

Dear Margaret

To be told today when I called the Hospital that Grace had passed away a week ago, was not only a shock, but a cause of sorrow. A sorrow for you who have lost one more of your family, and also for myself.

I have ^{been} learning to love Grace as a friend, all the more so that from time to time she reminded me of you. We talked not only of Bellefonte and its people, but of life and its problems.

Concerning her own condition she was so brave that it masked the seriousness

of her state. Never once did she show a fear of death, and yet would speak of it as a possibility that she was able to face with calmness. She was, she would say, in God's hands. Perhaps not those words, but words to that effect. She had ceased to plan for the future, yet was resolved to make a good fight for life. Our talks were always cheerful, even when she had been having hard days.

I really lived going to see her. After Edith left, I could not go to see Grace quite so often, and to my regret these last two weeks were so crowded and tiring that I did not even make my usual weekly telephone call until today.

Bellefonte friends will undoubtedly write and give you details. From my telephone talk I judge that while the seriousness of her condition was known, the suddenness of her death was a surprise. She had been talking to her nurse only five minutes before. The lady talking said, that they in the Hospital who had ~~seen~~ seen so much of her, were feeling her death.

These are the times we would like to be nearer those who sorrow.

Tonight I saw Edith Cooke, who says she will write to you. She is looking better and brighter, but pathetically anxious to be practising walking. Her brace has just come back to her.

I saw Charlie McClure recently - several times - for I have had some business matters to discuss. He looks tent and older since Henrietta's death.

My love to you.

Affectionately

Suey Keller.

OTIS S. BROWN, M. D.

6 PA. AVENUE WEST
WARREN, PA.

May 28th. 1946

Dear Mrs. Quigley:

I received your letter a few days ago, and was pleased to hear from you, and to hear, that the Baby Show went off as well as you report, and think the attendance was fine for such a bad day.

I was also sorry that I did not see you and say good-by, but I trust that I may see you at some time in the future, at any rate I shall never forget your kindness to me in days gone by, and what you did for Grace I shall never forget, and I am so sorry that she did not make a will so she could of shown you that she appreciated it very much as she talked to me what ~~she~~ intended to do, and said that you did so much for her, and that she would that much for you although money could not express her feelings.

We had a nice ride home and arrived about 8.30 and found things all right at home, but for the past week we have had a lot of rain, and the streams are all high, but no damage was done as far as I know in the town but at some other places near here, there was considerable damage in places near here.

I thank you so much for the invitation to stop with you, if I am ever near Bellefonte I will surely accept the invitation, I wish you would remember me to the Loves, as well as to Mr. Quigley. Trusting that I may see you all at some time. I remain

Sincerely yours

OTIS S. BROWN



Mrs. Hugh W. Zingley,
Bellefonte,
Pennsylvania

Ans.
Oct. 4

MRS. HOWARD F. FOLTZ
3246 N. Pennsylvania St.
Indianapolis 5, Indiana

MRS. HOWARD F. FOLTZ
3246 N. Pennsylvania St.
Indianapolis 5, Indiana

Wednesday Aug. 30, 1944

Dear Clara,

Ever since we've been back I've wanted to write you but the time has surely gotten away from me. I haven't talked to Hugh in weeks, so don't even know how things are going for all of you. Buzz became ill at camp and returned after 4 days and I've had to watch him so closely with long hours of rest and only restricted activity. Then Dad Foltz has been here from Florida for over a month for repairs, - old teeth out & new in, a slight eye correction, truss fitted etc. I've loved seeing him but surely grew weary of grinding all food for so long. Marge works at Stevens until time to go to Rockford Sept. 25th. She has decided to be there until Bill returns in the spring & she & John can be married. It has not been an easy decision and my heart has ached for her. Jimmy has worked at the Fall Creek Play-

grinned all summer though I am taking her place now so that she can go to Elizabethtown for 10 days. (Am writing this at the playground). Joey has been so successful with her child-care jobs. She has added several mothers to her list who pay 40¢ an hour straight. My children are so happy with money jingling in their pockets, - but aren't we all? Betsy keeps lots at home, especially with Buzzy. Buzzy leaves Sept. 30th for the Thomas School in Tucson. I take him to Chicago where the school nurse adds him to her group of others from the East. I am fully convinced in my own mind that this winter's regime will be the making of him.

I've had such regular & frequent letters from Bill who has been right in the action since the start of the division. His "guesstimate" is that he'll be back for spring. When I received that letter I immediately began working on his things, after 29 months, next spring sounded like next week to me.

Tonight back my Dads, plus the Daces

MRS. HOWARD F. FOLTZ
3246 N. Pennsylvania St.
Indianapolis 5, Indiana

F. Foltzs en masse are going on a river trip up White River on a cabin cruiser. We are all so enthused about it for we've never done such a thing.

Nora, I do want you to know, even at this late date, how sincerely I appreciate all that you did at 3246. It was such a joy to find everything in such perfect condition & so orderly, and I really believe I knew the amount of planning and untiring work that it took to leave it so. I have never enjoyed the house so much as I do this summer. We had some fine meals from the beans, and several batches of beet greens, some carrots & beets. You doubtless heard of the awful

daughters here, & Mr. Coffin didn't
want us to use his hose hook-
up, so after carrying buckets of water
in the wagon for the corn, we finally
had to give up. It made me sick.

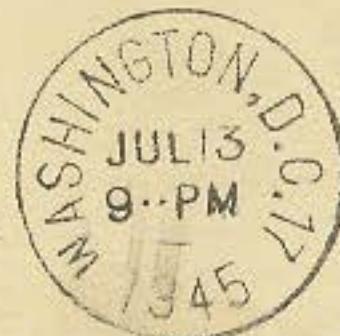
The petunias by the doorway are
so pretty. Last week-end was
terribly cold but I shunned starting
the coke fire & just kept the
fireplace going - we enjoyed it
so.

Heavens, this is a messy letter
but I swore I wouldn't let the month
go by without writing.

My best to the children,

Affectionately,

Lure.



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mrs. Hugh Lingley,
Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

Send this
back to me.

noon - July 13th

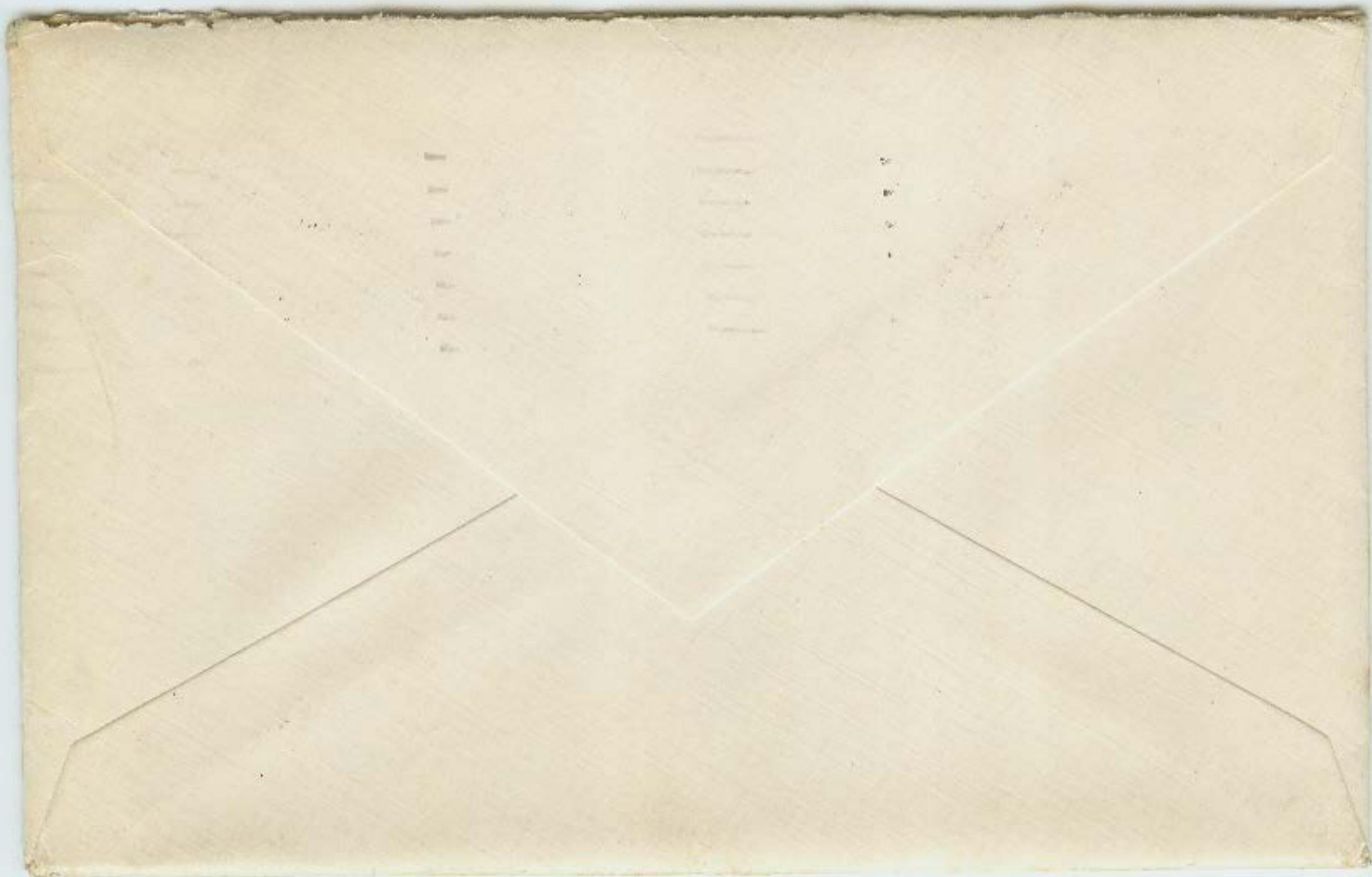
Dear Doris -

- Am on my way to meet Bill in Wash. He flies straight there from Germany on business and will be in Wash. 4 days, then home for 12, then to rejoin his unit in Germany & go the other way to the Pacific. It is the biggest thing that has ever happened to me. - The youngsters had such fun getting me off last night on an hours notice after the phone. Wish you could see the house & yard, - we've worked hard on it, but it's so pretty. Klage is with us (her father is in India) - & she's having a baby the 1st of Dec. Life is exciting always. My love to you all
Doris.



Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley
Bellefonte
Pennsylvania

ans.
Oct. 12, 1938.



Dearest Nance —

I have been wanting to write you for days but we have either had company or been out of town most of the time since we got back from Bellerfonte.

I was so terribly sorry about Aunt Sue. We had you letter yesterday and I think it is a lovely way to

think of her - being
happy with your father.

I am so glad I had
the chance to meet her
and know how perfectly
sweet she was.

I can't begin to tell
you how much I did
and I enjoyed seeing
you and Hugh. I knew
that ~~th~~ you would be
just like you are and
that I would like you

immensely. I hope
you can come out to
Chicago sometime
soon. We haven't much
to offer except live stock
but that seems to amuse
most of our friends.

We have two new
additions to the family.
A black Cocker Spaniel
five months old named
Sooty and a raccoon
nine months old named

Wiggy II. Right now I
am waiting for the
fat to come down and
give Sooty a distemper
shot and poor Wig a
worm pill. I'm afraid
our troubles have begun
again.

Do let us hear from
you where you have a
chance.

Love from us both
Kate
December third



Mr. Hugh M. Quigley,
Bellefonte,
Centre County,
Pa.

THE RACQUET CLUB
PHILADELPHIA

THE RACQUET CLUB
PHILADELPHIA

Jan 20, 1930

Once dear -

Mother asked me to
drop you a line to tell
you how much she loves
you forever & to tell you
how she is really gettin'
along -

In the first place she
said she wanted so much
to talk to you & tell you

the whole story last year
when this operation became
a possibility. Said she always
felt so close to you, but that
she just couldn't worry any
one else with it.

Just now she seems
to be doing as well as
can be expected. "On paper"
she is doing satisfactorily
but none of us (father, mother or
I) thought it would be
such a terrible beating
as it been since the

operation - The operation was no fun - They took the leg out of the hip socket but what a blessing it was that they waited no longer, because the leg broke at the bad place while they were taking it off.

I was with Father thru it and helped Dr. Dale & the nurse lift her into bed afterwards & it was no fun when they applied the corsets off. I found only one poor little leg to lift -

She has had the unbelievable guts & courage all thru it & will fight it thru but the pain has been terrible ever since from the wound & shock etc - They of course keep her

THE RACQUET CLUB
PHILADELPHIA

dosed to the point
where she "floats around"
most of the time & thus
eases the pain but each
day the doc dresses it
& adjusts the drain so
you can imagine what
that is - She now
even yells thru it just
squeezes you hand till
you want to cry yourself -

However, the cheering side
is that the doctor is
more than pleased with
conditions. They removed
some of the stitches ~~yesterday~~ ^{today},
she is able to eat &
regains her strength &
last but not least still
has that spirit of love
so we should soon have
the darling person with
us, smiling & happy
again -

Father & I relay at the hospital twice a day as long as she can see us & Aunt Tom & Aunt Bridie send her good things to eat but of course can not see her yet -

You can know Father & I are giving all we've got to help but its pathetically little -

Lots of love from Mother & me too & will be sending letters - She loves them -

Best to Hugh & the kids

Your devoted "brother"

Phil -

P. D. REYNOLDS
103 CONN. AVE.
GREENWICH, CONN.



Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley
Bellefonte
Centre County
Penna.





103 Conn. Ave.
Greenwich, Conn.
July 11th. 1953

Dear Nonce:

Thanks for your sweet letter even tho it was supposed to be for Kate.

I do wish we could have a day in Bellefonte and maybe it can be worked out one day soon, but we'll see.

Am so glad the wrens liked my handiwork. I don't know why you think their new home is so fancy. I just like the bark finish to go with the tree.

You were nice to be so observant of the butterflies in the picture of our alledged living room. As a matter of interest, Grace gave all the collection I had at home to the Bfte. High School. The ones you see in the picture are ones I caught on the trip with Carlisle in Borneo. Africa etc. and an almost complete collection I've caught out here of Conn. species. They make a colorful decoration.

The picture at the right of the butterflies is a very valuable and interesting oil painting. It is an origional by Julius Moessel the husband of a great friend of ours in Chicago. He is a famous painter of birds (Sat.Eve. Post covers and back grounds and murals for the bird groups in the Field Museum in Chicago and The Amer. Museum in N.Y.) anyway he got bored with birds and let off some steam with this try at an Orang Utang. It is really something if you know Orangs. The detail is terrific. He brought it up to show me one evening to see what I thought of it. After I got afew cocktails into him I got it for \$200.00!!

The little objet in the case in the first row of butterflies second from the top is a flying lizard I caught one morning in the famous Buitenzorg Gardens outside of Batavia down in Java. I took it in to the Amer. Museum of Nat. History in N.Y. to a friend of mine who is the head taxidermist Dept. to have the colors restored, and they plead with me to let them have it, because they haven't even got a specimen in thier collection.

I suppose I'm getting nostalgic in my late years but it's amusing, especially with all the wild and varied things I have to look back on. Like you, there are very few unpleasant memories.

Please thank Hugh for his thoughtful and prompt and much appreciated communique which Forpo has already forwarded to me.

Best love my Dear

Wish we could all see more of each other.

Phil

Kate sends best/



The

Catnip

Kid

8/1/04



Reynolds
(as usual)

bring robbery
by an
animal!

12/24/88



Tina -

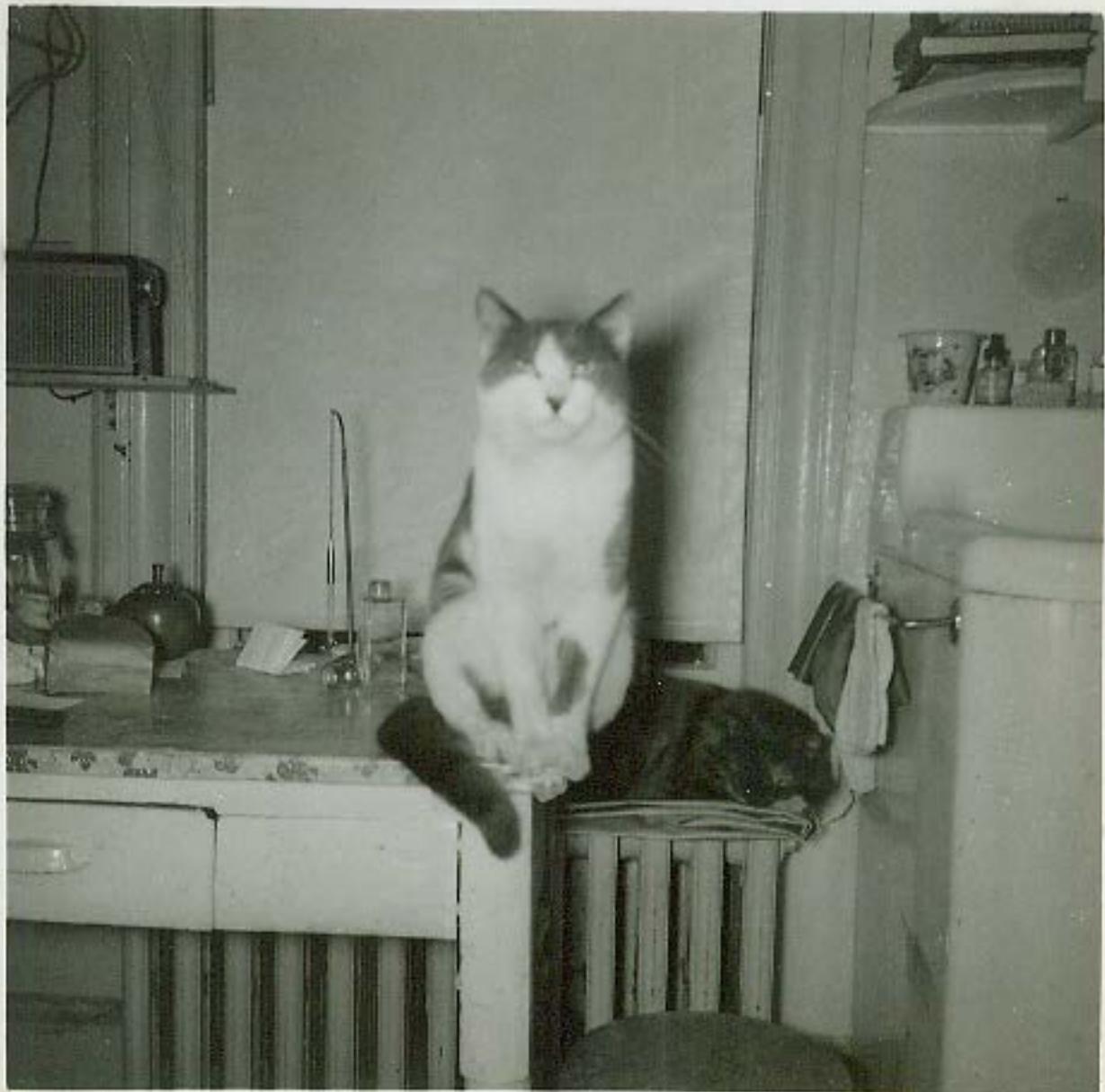
The Ring's Violetta
from
(La Traviata)

12/18



My Mopsy
(mit Stub statt)

23/24



Dooper
(Angel Puss)

(Mops in
background)

W218



Phil's

corner

(says he)

1918

CRH

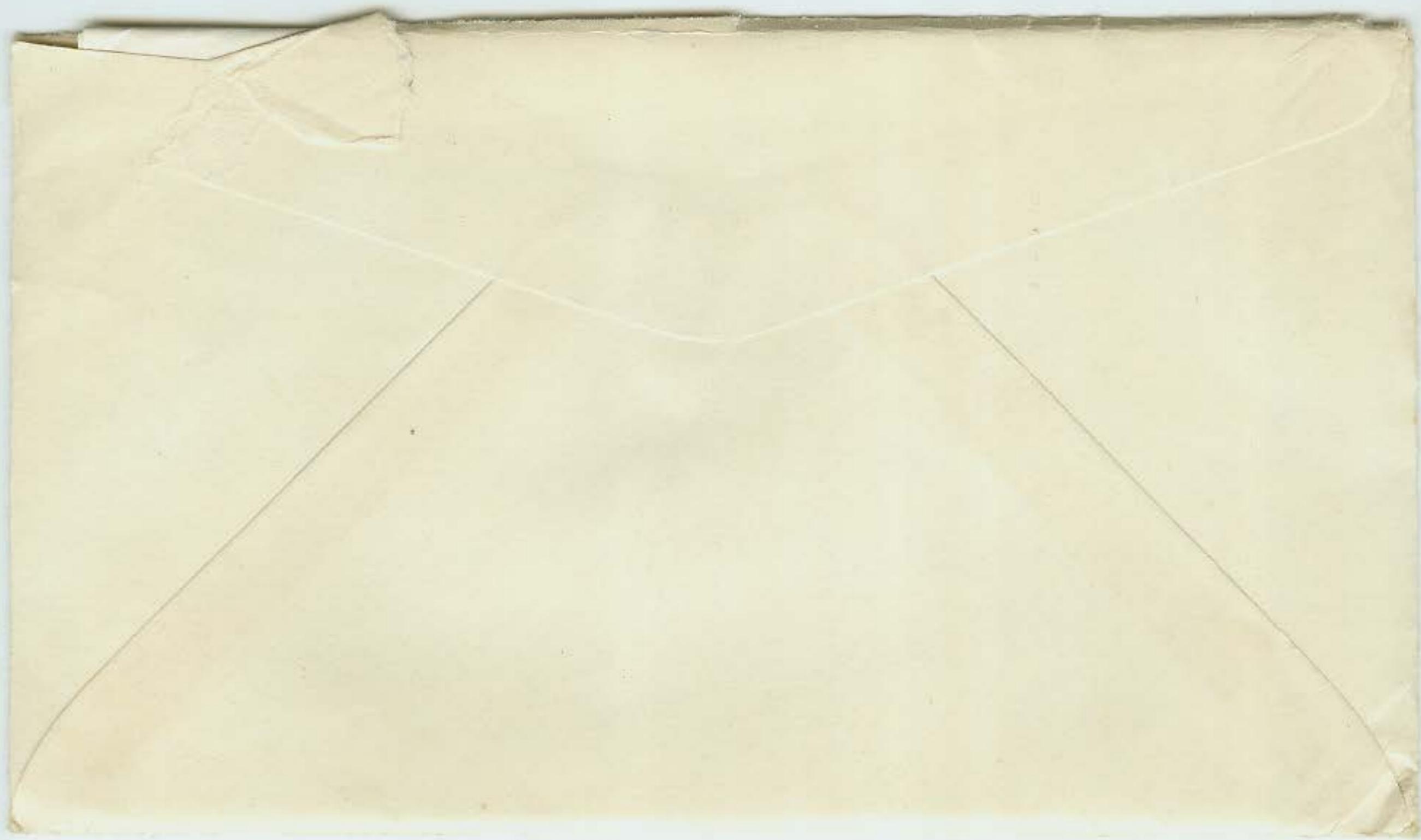
103 Cowe. Aves.

Greenwich, Conn



Aus.
July 7

Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley
Ballington
Pennsylvania
(Centre County)



~~Enclosure~~ 103 Conscient Farm
Greenwich, Conn.

22 May 1953

Dear Nurses —

22 May — yet! — and
it's still raining. I do
wish someone would let
Spring get in the act ~~before~~
Summer gets here. We
have an elegant word:
yatch!!

Phil told us about
talking to you this morning
and I was sorry to hear
that the worms haven't
arrived in the west
Chateau. However, every-
thing is so late this year

Maybe Truett and Truett
are still looking the
summer rentals over.

We thought we had
orioles and cat-birds
nesting around here - but
haven't heard them lately.
But squirrels we have!

Feeding stations on the
front porch railing and
a "bridge" from a big
tree to the railing. Phil
said this morning one
of our pals brought
her baby and it was too
amusing. Mammy trying
to show "spout" the ropes.
I missed it because doctor's

3/ Keep me in bed until about 10 or 11!

I do wish we knew each other better. When we were in Billigfontz - the only fun I had was with you and Hugh. And I remember clinging to you at that party (horrible) that day. Grace gave us - and I wasn't sure, at that point, which relative you were!! I think we could have a lot of fun if we could only

4/ Get together more frequently. Ask Hugh if he remembers the time he caused gallantly to take a lonely "widely woman" to dinner in Washington? The minute he stripped in the apartment the lights went off - (which was a habit of the building). Mr. Clark from top-floor came waving down with a flash-light and I introduced Hugh by introducing him as Lt. Quigley!! Life in D.C. during wartime!!

Best love,
Cats

P.S. - Dig the cr-a-a-a-py
stationery, draw! Mary
Reynolds - (your sister-in-
law) - writes on Reynolds
crust, yet.

The Anthony crust has
a goat at half-mast - or
something. Some day
I'm going to have it made
up in full color!!

Hopz you like the
pictures. — Our family!

Love again -
IC -

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

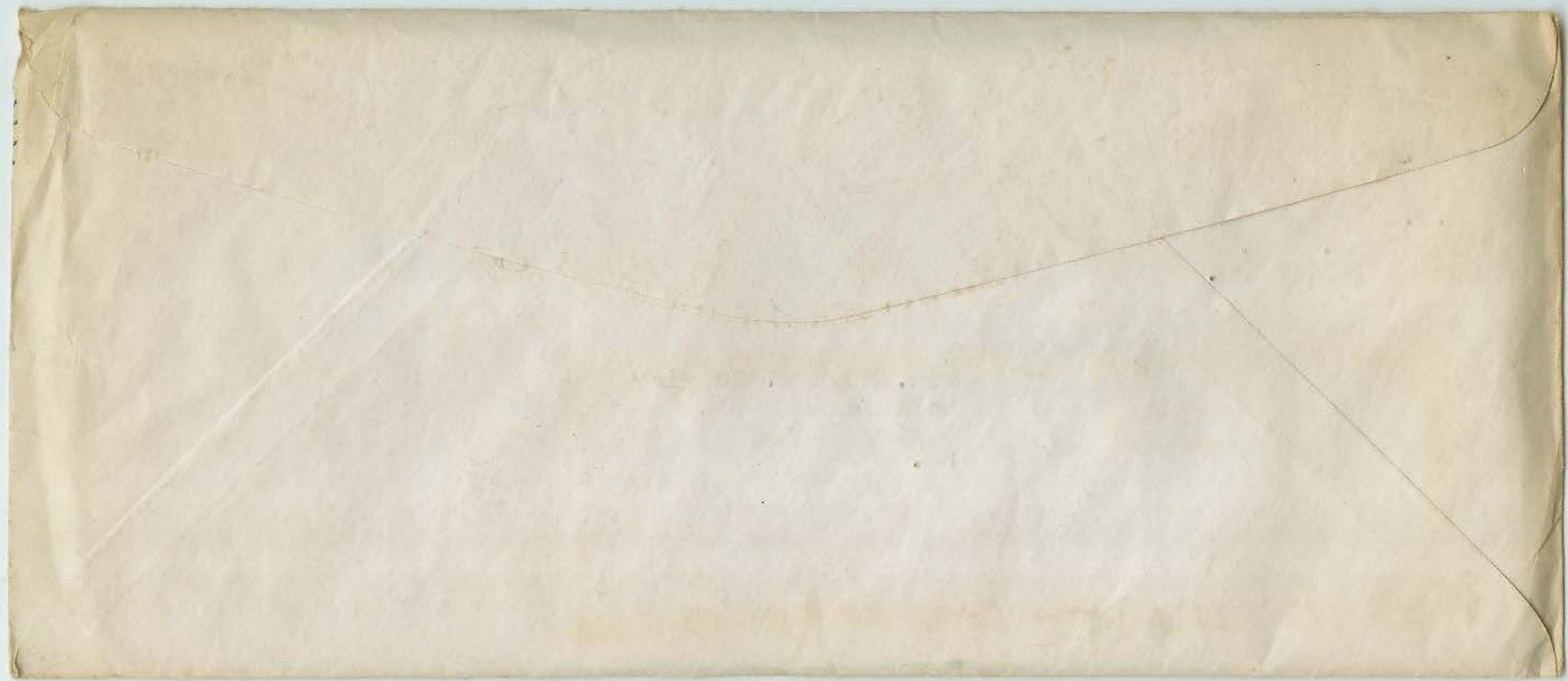
~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

P.D. Reynolds
103 Conn. Ave.
Greenwich, Conn.

GREENWICH
SEP 8
3:30 PM
1949
CONN



Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley
Bellefonte
Centre County
Pa.



103 Conn. Ave.
Greenwich, Conn.
Sept. 8th. 1949

Dear Nonce;

Please accept my sincere apologies for not having expressed my deep appreciation to you long before this, for finally forwarding the package I had been waiting for so long. I was beside myself worrying how I was ever going to be able to get along without it much longer.

There is nothing like a graceful Abyssinian knitting needle or stout Peruvian tooth-pick, or whatever the hell it is, to help while away the long winter evenings.

Again my heart-felt ~~XXXXXX~~ gratitude

Best

Phil,

103 Conn. Ave.
Greenwich, Conn.
Mar. 19th. 1952

Dear Nonce:

To hear of Wessley Jarret's demise was less a surprise than to hear from you. I have been given to believe you are among the more avid of the family critics so far as my upholding the prestige thereof.

You are no doubt right, but what do I owe nostalgia. I don't think I want to ever see Bellefonte again. It would only be a monument for me to ~~callosal~~ failure in a misdirected life. To a Mother who must have been the true reincarnation of a very special angel and a wonderful but stupid father. A confused life that has been warped with a complete lack of direction or evaluation of sex, duty, desire, and money. I could and always can do anything I want to, but I have never gotten the relation of stability & foresight against desire. I suppose its frankly a lack of mental guts.

I say this to you because there was ~~an~~ a day when we used to try to talk a lot of things out but we were too young to know what it was all about. I still don't but it's on a different level now. You are very fortunate. You caught a sensible, stable life with a grand guy and a family you can be more than proud of. I have always been in deep water and am now trying to pull an old ship off the rocks. I still think I can. Mother, God bless her, ~~gave~~ me health.

Sorry you've caught this blast but I hope you will take it the way it's meant. I wish I could sit down with you and Hugh one evening before the Russians come and have a good talk. Even in Bellefonte.

I see very little of Sam. Its an awful chore to hit that subway all the way down town just for a hurried lunch. The rest of his time is taken up with a more or less hypocondriac Mary. We did go to the tennis matches at the Garen one nite and we two old men got a kick out of Gorgeous Gussie Moran.

Fred barely gives me the time of day. God, why does he kick himself against life the way he ~~does~~. Maybe he likes it that way.

I spend quite a lot of time at the Amer. Museum of Nat. Hist. in N.Y. back in the taxidermy dept. bugs butterflies etc. It's only an hr. in my charriot from here, and a facinating labyrinth of mystery of the known and the unknown when you get there. Geo Adams, head of the taxidermy dept. is coloring and renovating an old driedup flying lizard I got one morning when Jay and I were looking over the world famous Buitenzorg Gardens outside Batavia, Java. I relaxed it with steam and got it mounted, wings and feet out and all. Geo has put eyes in it and is coloring it absolutely authentically, to the point that he ~~wrote~~ me a note a day or so ago saying Bogert(head of the reptile dept.) wants to

know if I would consider letting the Museum have it. I didn't
Know the varmint was that rare.

Good nite my Dear. I don't know why you deserve this long tirade
but I felt in the mood.

Thank you for Wessley's obituary. Enclosed is a note for Quig.

Best to you both and the dogs. Also kids if ~~they~~ any are home.

Phil,

103 Conn. Ave.
Greenwich, Conn.
June 7th. 1952

Nonce My Dear:

Both your letters meant a lot to me. The first one the most. If you remember what you said you'll know what I mean. I've been trying to sit down to answer it often, but I hope I can do that the 16th.

I have been really busy as hell but it has now eased up, so if on the morning of the 16th. after you've left N.Y. and are on the Merrick, call me here, Greenwich 8-6462, so I'll know your scheduel, and I'll meet you for lunch or a drink at The Chimney Corners Inn just off the Parkway due north of Stamford on Long Ridge Road. As you start seeing the Stamford signs take it easy and pretty soon you'll see a sign on your right saying Long Ridge road. Turn off the Parky there to the right, and off to the left is the Chimney Corners Inn with a big sign on it complete with white horse and sleigh. It's not on the Pk'wy proper, but just turn off right and swing under it and there you are. I will be having a beer at the little bar to the left as you enter.

If you only have time for a drink and "hello" fine, otherwise we'll have lunch.

Please acknowledge this note and then I will plan on it.

Will look forward to a call Monday morning the 16th. or a note saying you have ~~XTKaXhEKKINGXXXnXXX~~
~~XDXGXXXKXKXKX~~ at a certain ~~XXX~~ understood the "Briefing" and will just meet me there. Greenwich is much too far off your course.

Love

Phil /

88/-

Once my dear —

I don't know why I
wrote you ~~and~~ another note
except I guess I'm getting
a little nostalgic —
My visit to Aunt Waud
and Lass gotten me down —
You & Hugh are the only
ones of the family that
have ever given me a
"kind word" in a manner
of speaking —

8/8/2

Yours my dear: —

I don't know why I
trouble you with another note
except I guess I'm getting
a little nostalgic — I
owe credit to Credit Man and
myself have gotten me down —
You & Hugh are the only
ones of the family that
have ever given me a
"Ring word" in a manner
of speaking —

I wish I was living in
that green house instead
of the birdy — I'd be near
you guys and could
see the hills I used to
see and know so well —

I know every ground
log burrow on that
mountain plus a few
stills which is the worst of
it —

I wish you could have
known the rest of that
mountain range the way

Hugh Taylor would grab
a chicken out of his back &
I'd fry it for supper -
Well that was living -
My old man never knew that
kind of life -

Aunt Maud is up in
Stockbridge listening to
the music festival -
I liked that Ring of music -
I ~~do~~ never last久く立たず
"good music" It bore well
out there - The great
screaming belltowing
singers just don't stand

I did - Father used to
writhe in agony to think I
even knew Met Wagner &
Hugh Taylor, but I'll
never forget the days &
~~consecutive~~ wonderful
nights I spent in that
cabin out on the Gender
Steps with the little
bear cubz coming right
into the Kitchen & their
mother waiting outside in
the late evening - we would
throw ~~the~~ the ears of corn &
a loaf of bread etc. &

big spot in my heart
for you and high to
be in a little different
way - if you know what
I mean -

I wish I could say more
of Sam but forty miles is
quite a long truck &
Mary is a rather strange
person -

Montgomery continues with
& keeps breakin' down my
muck. Ted bushes him
off with lessly - says he

right to me - I guess I'm
middle class but I like
Andre Kostelanetz' (Good
what spelling!!) orchestra
working like a smooth
tune with that wonderful
base - they bombard, by
the way does just up the
hair upon him & that fantastic
Bugs Bear & his crazy brother
They are really funny -
Please write me when
you feel in the mood -
I've still got a great

to slap him down. -

I will meet him at the station in a fairly decent looking car (Vergennes) bring him over here for dinner, give him a comfortable bed & he can grab a train in the morning & be in his office in the morning (Hammer Bldg. across the street from Grand Central) without even going out

Sam wife busy living but
otherwise out of c

You know my dear,
Toro is a strange person -
in the seven years I've been
with him, he has never been
near the joint -

God wouldn't you think
just out of curiosity he'd
lop a chain and come out
just to see what the
layout is - He doesn't
have to bring his prayer
book & no one is going to

doors - But no, he
won't come out. I guess
I think Kali & Jane
living in Sin - all Kali
is trying to do is get a
divorce so we can get
married married again -
I mean for the sake of even
ethics - God knows ^{it's} for
long since "gone for
blondes" - (forget this)
By the way do you

remember Sy & Smith -
He's finally married a
French whore. Isn't it
awful - She's quite
pretty but Sy's had
go into three more million
dollars from his mother's
estate and he's gone
laying on the bottle -
The last I heard was a
call from Haworth Cuba -
She's driving lim nuts -

trying to get him off
for his money -

darling how the legs
do you cook deviled
turkey legs like we
used to have at home -

Louisa Robinson the
old colored cook used to
brow them up but I guess
she's dead by now -

Do you remember how
they were cooked -

They used to soak them
in some way vinegar
Sherry current jelly (or
am I thinking of the
stor Club?)

All my love dear
I'm sorry to have bored
you I
Ray

They used to Soak them
in some way, vinegar
Sherry currant jelly (or
am I thinking of the
Stor Club?)

All my love dear
I'm sorry to have bored
you Very

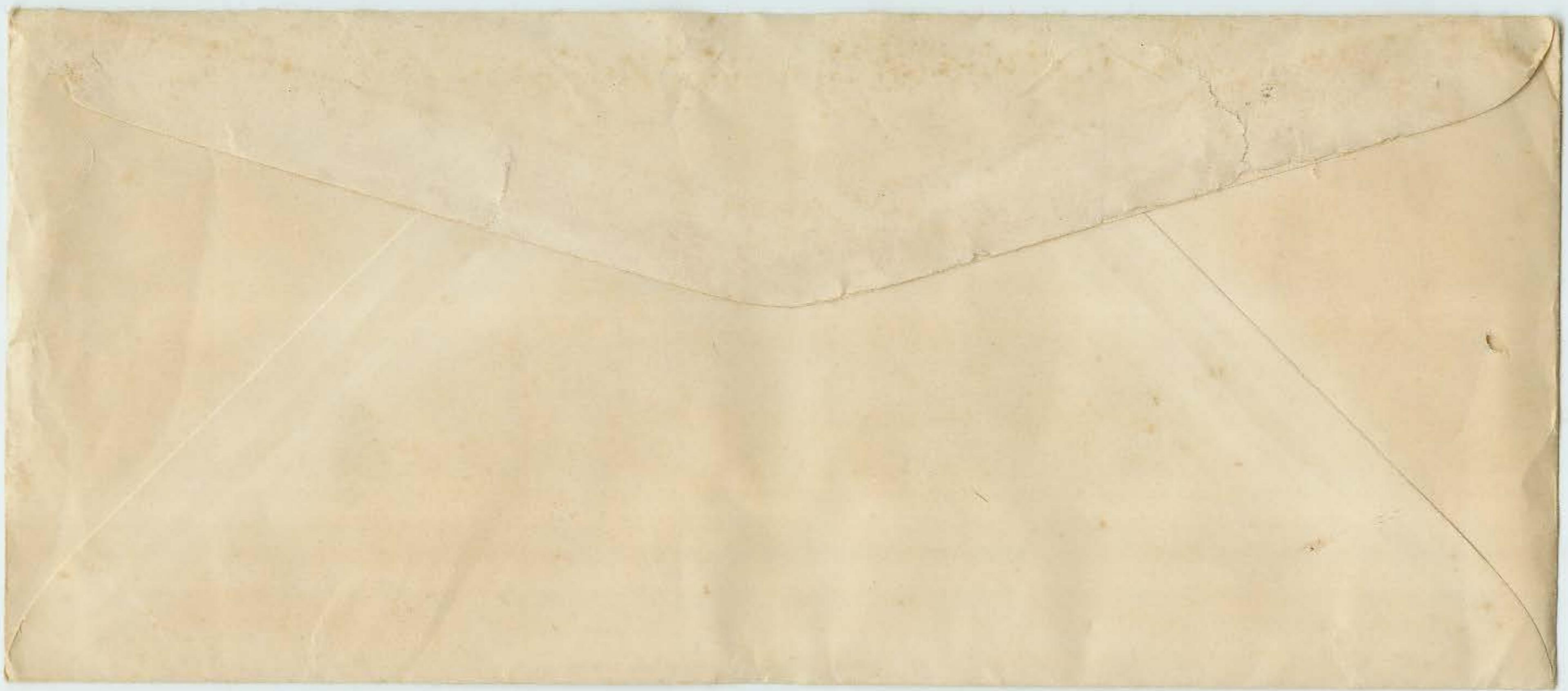
DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
AFROTC Summer Camp
Moody AFB, Georgia

OFFICIAL BUSINESS

PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE TO AVOID
PAYMENT OF POSTAGE, \$300
(PMGC)



Mr. & Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley
505 East Curtin Street
Bellefonte, Pennsylvania



HEADQUARTERS
AFROTC SUMMER ENCAMPMENT
Moody Air Force Base
Valdosta, Georgia

10 July 1953

Mr. & Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley
505 East Curtin Street
Bellefonte, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Quigley:

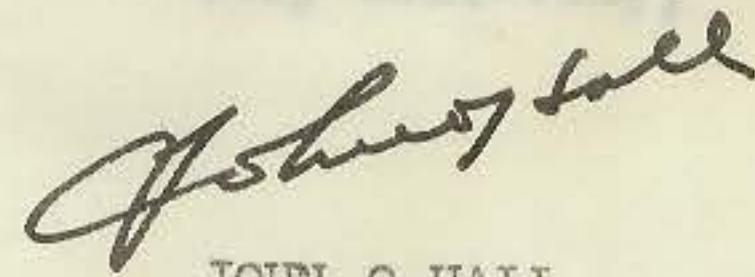
I am writing to tell you how pleased we are to have your son, Mike, with us here at Moody Air Force Base for his AFROTC Summer Encampment. We consider Mike to be a fine young man and certainly a credit to you, his parents.

I am glad to be able to tell you that your son is presently in excellent health and appears to be enjoying this phase of his AFROTC training. His life during this period is not an easy one by any means. He has accepted regimentation and military discipline with commendable enthusiasm, and he will, I know, be a better citizen for having experienced it.

It is indeed heartening when I consider that young men of such high caliber as we are privileged to have here this summer will be our Air Force Reserve officers of the future.

If I can give you any further information about Mike and his AFROTC activities here at Moody, please do not hesitate to let me know.

Very sincerely,



JOHN O HALL
Colonel, USAF
Commander

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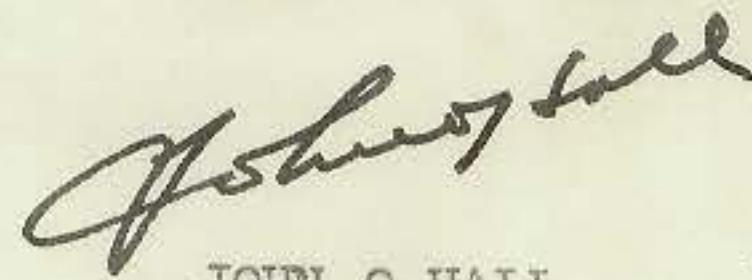
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P.O.
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Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Quigley
505 East Broad Street
Bellefonte
Pennsyl.

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PA 15212

